The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, APRIL 25, 1931

TOPICS OF THE DAY

What Did Alfonso XIII Leave Spain?

DRIVEN INTO EXILE by the "big stick" of the Republican element in Spain, as wielded in the overwhelming Republican victory in the municipal elections of April 12, Alfonso XIII left the country to which he had been born a king, but what did he leave it?

That is the question asked by many about the suddenly created Republic of Spain.

His night flight from Madrid was enveloped in all the mystery and glamour of a chapter from Dumas.

"I believe I am more a Spaniard than ever," said Alfonso, for the moment the least of Spaniards, as he signed his message of farewell to the nation, embraced his Cabinet members in a touching scene at the Palace, and then stept into his racing-car for Cartagena, ancient naval port on the Mediterranean.

WEARING civilian clothes, we learn further from United Press dispatches from that port, and grimly stoical in the face of disaster, after an all-night drive from Madrid, he boarded the fast cruiser, *Prince Alfonso*, in the dark hour just before dawn, and was carried away from the land "over which he had reigned since his birth, forty-four years ago." Meanwhile, by way of contrast, these dispatches inform us that:

"The shouts of celebrating Republicans, who had seen the new Government headed by Niceto Alcala Zamora come into power as a result of the Republican victory in Sunday's elections, rang through Madrid as Alfonso's car sped through the pleasant summer-light night toward Cartagena.

"After years of political turmoil, dictatorship, and revolution, the King had stept out, but only when the demands of Republicans left him no other course if he was to avoid bloodshed.

"His departure on the 275-mile automobile drive was secret, and the machines sped along through towns which were celebrating the new republic, without attracting attention until they reached Murcia, where the United Press correspondent reported them at 3:10 A. M.

Underwood & Underwood photograph

Will He Wear This Again?

Alfonso XIII, in his uniform as Commander of the Alabarderos, or Spanish Royal Guards. It is said to be the most aristocratic and exclusive military organization in the world.

"In Cartagena a republic had been proclaimed at 6:15 A. M., and the arrival of Alfonso was awaited with growing excitement. Crowds here, like those in many other cities, had burned Alfonso's portrait in celebrating the birth of the Republic.

"The inhabitants of Murcia swarmed into the streets, and shouted and sang when the deposed King's automobile was sighted.

"The cars reached Cartagena at 4 A. M., and whirled through the streets to the dockyards, where the captain-general, a group of naval officers, and a crowd of about 300 persons awaited. A detachment of sailors and marines was drawn up on the Cartagena dock.

"As the automobiles arrived, there was a stir among the crowd outside the gates.

"'Long live the King!' some one shouted.

"'Long live the Republic!' replied half a dozen others. Otherwise the crowd was tranquil, apparently conscious that they were witnessing one of Spain's greatest historical events—departure of the 'last' of the Bourbons, who had ruled the nation, with one brief Republican interlude, since Philip V ascended the throne in 1700.

"The King stept from the automobile and shook hands with the officials standing on the dock. He talked with Admiral Magaz concerning events here during the day.

"The engine of the motor-boat was popping steadily as the former King said farewell to the general, and uttered his last words to the nation.

"The lights on the dock flickered about his tall, erect figure as Alfonso stept into the motor-boat, and was quickly carried out into the bay, where the low, gray cruiser rolled easily at anchor.

"He boarded the war-ship, and it raised anchor at 4:45 A. M., carrying the latest of Europe's deposed monarchs away from the shores of the newest republic, and into exile."

LEST we forget, the New York *Sun* reminds us that this will be Spain's second republic within the last threescore years. In 1868 Queen Isabella was expelled from the country, but at the time the Republicans were not in position to take advantage of the situation, and after a few years "of struggle and contention, the Republic gave up the ghost."

From a cable and radio poll of the Madrid and Paris press,

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conducted by THE LITERARY DIGEST, we gather editorial opinion of sharply contrasting shades. In Madrid, for instance, the ultra-Conservative Catholic *Debate* says:

"We loyally accept the Republican Government, because it represents the unity of the country, and peace, and order. Our support is not passive, but loyal and active, seeking to do all we can to aid it, since it is not a question of sympathy or antipathy which should determine the norms of conduct, but duty."

IN a two-column box and bold-face type, *El Debate* renders homage to Alfonso, saying in part:

"Alfonso was a great patriot. He loved Spain. His Majesty was prudent, and most faithfully complied with the will of the

Wide World photograph

Once Their Father Was King

Sons of Alfonso XIII in the last days in Spain—Prince Jaime, Prince Gonzolo, and Prince Juan.

people. Three dates are enough to prove this affirmation: 1914, 1923, 1931."

THIS refers to the maintenance of neutrality during the European war, acceptance of the Primo de Rivera dictatorship, and renunciation of the throne.

On the other hand, the Conservative *ABC* declares that it remains in favor of a constitutional parliamentary monarchy, and blames the disloyalty, ingratitude, and ambition of those surrounding the King for the recent happenings. We read then:

"Governmental parties, hated by the people and impotent or incapable of regaining their own powers, lived artificially at the expense of the Crown. In vain waiting for better aides, the King had to accept the lesser of two evils. Thus it was that groups, which had no public following, could rise to power or fall by decisions of the Crown, and according to circumstances these politicians either praised or defamed the King and his constitutionalism."

In sharp contrast to the foregoing we have the defiant cry of the Republican *El Liberal:*

"Thrice the Spanish people rose up against their Kings—in 1808, 1869, and 1931. And always they encountered the same branch—the Bourbons.

"The cry, 'Down with the Bourbons!' was the principal incentive for the revolution of September, 1868. 'Down with the Bourbons!' the Spaniards cried now. We have finally freed ourselves from the malediction of a family which seemed inexpungeable.

"Down with the Bourbons! Definitely!"

THE Socialist *El Socialista* entitles its editorial "The Fall of the Dynasty," and recalls the expulsion of Alfonso's grandmother sixty-three years ago, which gave rise to the expression: "The false Bourbon race fell forever." But the Bourbons were restored, and this newspaper continues:

"True, history repeats itself, and at another time the Bourbon race fell before the formidable push of the people, but we are sure this time that the history of the restoration will not be repeated, for there now exists a Socialist party disposed to be most zealous in defense of the Republican institution. The expelled Bourbons are condemned for life to parade their moral and physical failings before the world and have their slumber disturbed by the shadow of the captains immolated at Jaca."

What has Alfonso himself to say about the crisis? No better explanation of his stand is to be found than his manifesto issued through the Havas News Agency at Hendaye on the Franco-Spanish frontier:

"The elections which took place Sunday have clearly shown me that I have lost the affection of my people. In my conscience I am certain this disaffection will not be definitive, because I have always done my utmost to serve Spain. My aim even in the most critical circumstances has always been the public interest, for a King can make mistakes, and doubtless I have sometimes erred, but I know very well that our country has always shown itself to be generous toward faults which were without malice.

"I am King of all the Spaniards, and I am myself a Spaniard. I could have employed divers means to maintain the royal prerogatives, and effectively to combat my enemies, but I wish resolutely to step aside from anything that might throw some of my countrymen against others in a fratricidal civil war.

"I do not renounce any of my rights, because they are more than mine—they are the accumulated store of history, and I shall one day have to make a rigorous account of their conservation.

"I am waiting to learn the real expression of the collective opinion of my people, and while I am waiting until the nation shall speak, I am deliberately suspending the exercise of the royal power, and I am leaving Spain, recognizing in this way that she is the sole mistress of her destinies.

"Once more to-day I believe I am doing a duty which is dictated to me by my love of my country. I ask God that all Spaniards shall understand their duty as deeply as I do mine."

IN Paris, we are met with the downright declaration of the Conservative Paris *Figaro* that—

"The overwhelming success of Zamora's party has caused a confusion which Socialists and Communists are impatient to translate into a Marxian revolution. What will become of Spain?

"We recall the words of Unamuno: 'A republic in Spain would become such a hodgepodge of confusion that a King sooner or later would be welcomed in Spain as a savior.'"

The Nationalist *Echo de Paris* remarks rather cynically that "the Spanish throne tumbles for the fourth time in a century, and it is not easy to say if the monarchy is finally effaced. The Spanish Republic commences, and we wish it a happy career—but without great confidence." The moderate Paris *Journal* has this to say:

"The evolution of the Spanish crisis reposes upon an illusion based upon a promise that the departure of the King or the advent of the republic can act like a magic stroke of a wand to suppress the evils which are preventing Spain from becoming a happy country.

"If Alfonso sinned, it was much less by excess of initiative than by excess of indifference."

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To Extricate a Nation "Wallowing in Oil"

"LIKE A SHEET undergoing embattlement in an old-fashioned wash-tub—push it down in one place and it billows up in another."

That's the way the troubles in the oil business and the efforts to cure them appear to Keith Fanshier of the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*. And editors everywhere seem to be of like opinion.

"We appear to be up against a crisis," confesses the Tulsa *World*, in the heart of the oil-country. The trouble, as the Duluth *News Tribune* sees it, "is that the United States literally is wallowing in oil." The fundamental problem, in the words of the Topeka *Capital*, is "to keep production within such limits that oil will be produced profitably, but against this desirable control of production there is the ambition to 'develop,' to prospect, to explore, and to increase productive acreage."

But let us observe what is being done to rescue the country from the oil flood.

Back in the winter, the battle over oil began on the floor of Congress, and several proposals came up in the last days of the session, including a complete embargo on oil imports, a limitation of imports, a high tariff on oil, and a proration of oil imports in proportion to domestic production. But Congress adjourned without doing anything about oil.

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Can They Dam the Flowing Tide of Oil?

Here in the photograph are seated from the reader's left to right, all the members of the Federal Oil Conservation Board: Secretary of Commerce Lamont, Secretary of the Interior Wilbur, Secretary of War Hurley, Secretary of the Navy Adams; and standing with them is Cicero I. Murray of Oklahoma, who is Chairman of the Oil States Advisory Committee.

WITH Congress adjourned, the center of excitement shifted to the oil country and then back again to Washington. Oklahoma papers were calling attention to the dark clouds besetting the industry, "as the crude-oil produce cuts, inaugurated in the mid-continent field, swept into the Central West and Rocky Mountain provinces." Meantime new fields, especially the recently opened East Texas field, were flooding the market with more oil. Early in March Governor Murray of Oklahoma called a conference of oil-State Governors at Texarkana. Kansas enacted a proration law. Oklahoma defeated a move to repeal a similar law. In Texas a start was made in prorating, or limiting, East Texas production. Secretary of the Interior Wilbur announced that several of the large importing oil companies had agreed to reduce imports so as to harmonize with proration in the oil-producing States. A joint meeting was held early in April, in Washington, in which the Government's Federal Oil Conservation Board of Cabinet members met with the Oil States Advisory Committee (a development of the Texarkana conference), headed by Cicero I. Murray, cousin of the Oklahoma Governor.

THE Washington conference mapped out a stabilization pact to stop wasteful overproduction. William Hard sums up the chief conclusions in the Washington *Evening Star*, like this:

"The ten States will sign a treaty among themselves whereby there will come into existence a sort of Ten-State Oil-Steering Committee. This Steering Committee will be the intermediary between the Federal Government and the States. It will receive and consider the forecasts of the country's oil needs, and the estimates of proper State-by-State oil producings and markets as calculated and published by the statistical planning committees of the Federal Oil Conservation Board. It will transmit them to the ten State capitals to be put into effect by the ten State governments."

The delegates from the oil States also told the Cabinet members at the conference that they are going to try to limit "unnecessary drilling."

NO sooner had these arrangements been made public than Senator Borah came forward to remark that "there seems to be no purpose in any program yet presented to protect the users of oil and its products." Since these plans seem to him to involve price control, he thinks it is time for the Government to step in. For, in Mr. Borah's judgment, "it is just as practicable and quite as lawful, to treat the supplying of oil to the public, as a public utility as it is the supplying of electric power."

And the Philadelphia *Record* is led to remark that if government regulation of the oil industry is not accepted, "the way will be opened to the unwelcome alternative ultimately of government ownership and operation." And right here starts another vigorous newspaper debate on the public interest in the oil industry.

And so, to quote William Hard in the Washington *Evening Star* again, oil, "instead of stilling the waves of politics, is raising a first-class political storm; in fact, it is raising many storms all over the country."

THE public at large has two kinds of interest in the petroleum industry, we read in one of the Washington bulletins of the accounting firm of Ernst & Ernst:

"One is immediate and direct, involved in the fact that when one of the country's largest industries is entangled in a mess of internal competition which threatens profits, dividends, and employment, the whole nation suffers, for the troubles of any one industry are never limited merely to that industry.

"This is the problem of stability.

"The other interest is less immediate, and involves the idea that petroleum is a natural resource, theoretically exhaustible, and that it must be conserved to insure adequate future supplies for national defense and for the even more important peace-time support of the motor industry and other dependent lines."

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Barring Aliens to Aid Our Jobless

"A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD ALIEN GIRL, clad in men's trousers, sweater, and cap, was lowered by rope over the towering Niagara gorge on the Canadian side to the lower abutments of a railroad bridge, where she was met by an alien-smuggler or 'runner.'

"Together they made their way across the gorge on the narrow steel ledge which is part of the undersection of the bridge.

"Inch by inch, foot by foot, they advanced toward the land of liberty and opportunity, high up in the air above the river rushing and roaring below, conscious that the slightest slip in footing meant a fall into the depths below—and death.

"At last they were across, safe on the stone abutments of the American side. And there waiting for them, reluctantly but dutifully, were immigration inspectors on patrol; the reward of the perilous journey was deportation for the girl and prison for the alien-runner."

Such desperate risks are commonly taken by aliens determined to enter the United States, says Harry E. Hull, Commissioner General of Immigration, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune Magazine.*

Keystone

She Fought Her Way In

Ella Young, Irish poetess, successful in her fight to enter the United States after being barred, not to protect our home-grown poets, but on the ground that she might become a public charge.

BUT so tight has the immigration lid been clamped in recent months, we read in Washington dispatches, that now immigration has fallen to its lowest point in the 110 years that records have been kept. Even more striking than that, as we are told by the Washington *Evening Star:*

"In the Administration's aggressive effort to reduce alien population and unemployment, it was disclosed that the tide of immigration has been turned for the first time in history, so that more persons now are leaving the United States than are entering it."

IN fact, our net loss in immigration was 1,500 in February, notes the Syracuse *Herald*, pointing out that Washington lists only 3,147 entering for permanent residence during that month, while 4,720 who had established homes here left to live abroad.

"These facts derive a remarkable significance," adds *The Herald*, "from a comparison of the February record with the monthly average of 80,000 and over less than twenty short years ago."

By visa restrictions, it is estimated that nearly 100,000 were kept out during the five months ending February 28.

Conspicuous among the thousands barred on the ground that they might become public charges was Ella Young, Irish poetess, who sought to enter from Victoria, British Columbia. California friends came to her aid and she recently was admitted, after months of effort, upon presentation of evidence to prove that she would not become a public charge.

Shortly after the Administration announced the results of the stiffer application of the immigration law during the period of unemployment, Secretary of Labor Doak revealed a further plan to keep American jobs for Americans by conducting a "non-spectacular but thorough" crusade against 100,000 aliens who entered the country illegally.

"The Government estimates that there are 400,000 here who got in by unlawful methods," explains the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, but "it is believed that the statute of limitations and other circumstances protect 300,000 of these."

"I'm going after every evader of our alien laws, regardless of nationality, creed, or color, because I hold to the belief that persons who have no right to be here should give their places to Americans," declared Secretary Doak, as quoted by the press—

"I've got my men out in full force, particularly in the large industrial centers, and they are making good headway in a very difficult task. I am informed that many of those deported recently left vacant jobs for worthy citizens in need of employment.

"Some may say to deport these people is inhuman, but my answer is that the Government should protect its own citizens against illegal invaders. This I propose to do with every weapon in my power. Law is law, and I intend to enforce it as long as I hold my office."

DISCLOSING that more than 1,100 have been deported from New York City alone since the middle of January, Mr. Doak denies that he is "directing a campaign against Communists or any other special class." During the year the Government, it is said, hopes to deport a total of 20,000, which compares with 16,000 sent home last year.

Still another method is being used to cut down our foreign population, and to make clear just how the Government is operating, we borrow the summary of the Washington *Evening Star:*

"1. By withholding consular visas from prospective immigrants who are considered likely to become public charges.

"2. By round-up and deportation of aliens unable to prove their right to be in the United States.

"3. By searching out deserters from foreign ships, recently declared by the Supreme Court to be liable to deportation, regardless of the statute of limitations.

"4. By transporting destitute aliens who volunteer."

THE voluntary emigration plan, we are told, "is based on a clause in the law which was intended to cover the case of an alien who became disabled or otherwise a public burden within three years of his arrival in this country in the regular way." Mr. Doak "conceived the idea of using this authority to help relieve the unemployment problem and individual distress."

As for what the editors think of all this, the Baltimore *Sun*, referring to the 20,000 to be deported this year, says that "placed against a national total of jobless somewhere in the neighborhood of 6,000,000, this does not appear to be very formidable unemployment relief." In the same city, *The News* asserts:

"Neither indiscriminate deportation of aliens nor undue restriction of immigration is what the country most needs.

"Selective immigration and the swift deportation of criminal and undesirable aliens will go further toward solving this problem than any other of the many proposals under consideration."

On the other hand, many papers agree with the Columbus *Dispatch*, which says:

"America owes much to foreign immigrants . . . But for those who smuggle themselves in contrary to law, or who refuse to enter the pathway of law-abiding citizenship, we have no use. More power to the arm of Secretary Doak in sending them back."

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Party Perplexity After Longworth

A DOCTOR CAME TO A BEDROOM WINDOW of the big colonial house.

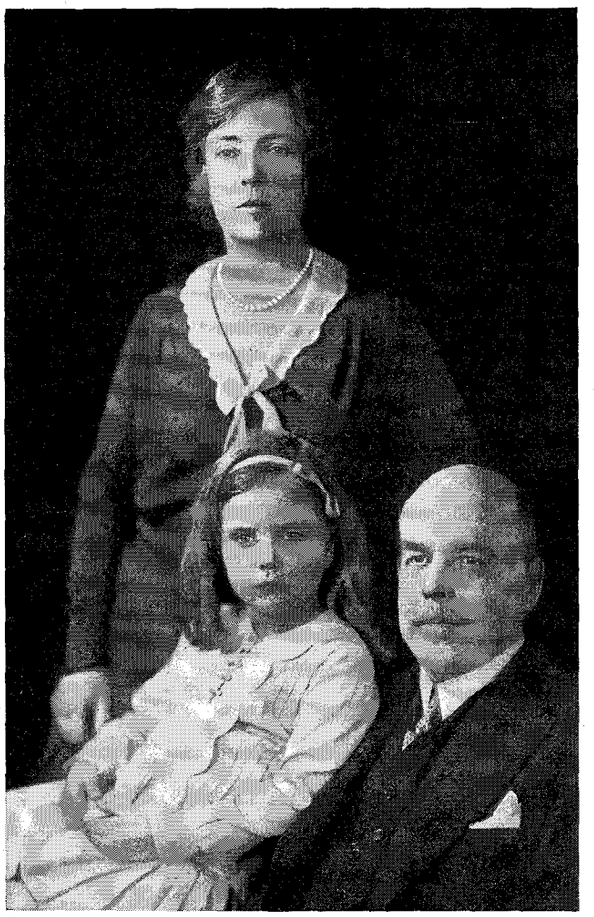
It was a few minutes before eleven o'clock of a bright spring morning.

Slowly he raised his right hand. There was a flurry among the waiting reporters, and a moment later newspaper offices throughout the country were rushing out the news that Nicholas Longworth was dead, at Aiken, South Carolina.

"The most popular, most quoted, and best-drest member of Congress," as he is called by the New York *Herald Tribune*, Speaker Longworth of the House of Representatives leaves behind a resplendent personal tradition and a weighty problem for the Republican party.

As political friend and foe joined President Hoover in paying high tribute to this "aristocrat who served the common people," for his affability and courage, honesty and capability, Republican leaders were pondering what they could do to offset the blow to their party's chances of retaining control of the House.

Should the Democrats succeed in capturing the Cincinnati district so long represented by Mr. Longworth—and they are said to be confident of it—the new House, we are told, will include 217 Republicans, 217 Democrats, and one Farmer-Laborite.



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A Famous Triumvirate

Now shattered by the death of Speaker "Nick" Longworth. He is shown with his wife, the former Alice Roosevelt, and their daughter, Paulina.

ASSUMING that the Republicans again will have control, three men are said to be outstanding contenders for the speakership: Representative John Q. Tilson of Connecticut, floor leader; Representative Bertrand H. Snell of New York, chairman of the Rules Committee, and Representative Will R. Wood of Indiana, chairman of the Appropriations Committee.

In the loss of Mr. Longworth "there is the gravest occasion for serious regret in a public sense," says Mark Sullivan in one of his Washington dispatches, for it "brings further confusion to a situation already acutely confused." Other observers, who viewed Mr. Longworth as second only to the President in practical influence, agree that "the prospects for chaos" in Congress next session are increased.

For one thing, as Mr. Sullivan notes, "in both parties, small factions will demand particular legislation or other concessions as the price of supporting the regular nominee for speaker."

How important Mr. Longworth was to the Hoover Administration is indicated by Morris D. Ervin, Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times-Star:*

"There is probably no member of the House who can command the united support of all the Republicans as Mr. Longworth was able to do. At the Republican caucus, held this year just before Congress adjourned, he was renominated unanimously.

"It is true that some of the Insurgents did not attend the caucus, but it was well understood that their staying away was a political gesture, and that when the time came to vote in the House they would vote for Mr. Longworth.

"Mr. Longworth was personally popular with every one in the House, and for this reason, if for no other, the Insurgents refrained from making an open fight against him.

"But now that Mr. Longworth has stept out of the scene it is almost certain that the Republicans will become involved in a squabble among themselves over the Speakership.

"In a way, he had become, at the moment of his death, the most important man in the Republican party.

"The hope of the Administration for the next two years rested upon Mr. Longworth's broad shoulders. Without control of the House of Representatives the Administration may be worse than helpless, and its best chance of getting that control and keeping it was in Mr. Longworth.

"His death has cast a deep shadow over the path that the Administration must travel for the next two years."

DEMOCRATS are virtually certain, it is said, to nominate Representative John N. Garner of Texas for the Speakership. Typical of the tributes paid Mr. Longworth is that of Mr. Garner, the minority leader, his political adversary, but warm personal friend:

"I have lost one of the best friends of a lifetime, the country a good citizen, and the Congress a most valuable legislator."

Praise runs in many channels for this debonair, brilliant, hard-working, sixty-one-year-old legislator, who, for the last six of his thirty-two years of public service, was Speaker of the House. Much of it treats of his courage. He wore spats and carried a cane in a day when such appurtenances often met with ridicule; he refused to follow his father-in-law, Theodore Roosevelt, in the Bull Moose movement, and went down to defeat with Taft; he fought Coolidge on naval legislation, and voted against Hoover on the recent veterans' bonus loan legislation.

PRESS obituaries also recite his service in the Ohio Legislature after his graduation from Harvard Law School; his coming to Washington as a Representative in 1903; his marriage to Alice Roosevelt at the White House in 1906; his leadership in the movement to have the Government own its own embassies and legations in foreign countries; his stalwart allegiance to the Republican cause throughout his career, and his talent for friendship.

"In the foggy atmosphere of official Washington he was a salty and refreshing breeze," says the Republican New York *Herald Tribune.* "Expert, patient, and far-seeing, his death removes one of the strongest Speakers Washington has ever had. The prestige of the House grew amazingly in recent years, and the major credit unquestionably belongs to Mr. Longworth."

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The New Raskobian Uproar

"THE BEST SERVICE that Mr. Raskob can render the Democratic party is to pay up the debts he contracted, and get out of the chairmanship."

That is from Josephus Daniels's Raleigh *News and Observer*.

But "the Prohibition issue has to be faced, sooner or later," replies another Southern Democratic paper, the Charleston *Post*. "It might be well to bring about a searching of minds now, in preparation for the possibility of a decision to be made at the national convention next year."

Thus the clash of opinion over the action of "the irrepressible Raskob," as he is called by the Louisville *Herald Post*, in asking "every member of the Democratic National Committee to send his individual recommendations, particularly those dealing with Prohibition," to be tabulated and submitted to the National convention.

Quiet and gentle, but pertinacious, Mr. Raskob by his letter to the committeemen starts a twin storm to the one he caused a few weeks ago when, as related in our issue of March 21, he submitted his "home-rule" liquor plan to the committee meeting in Washington.

"I am only seeking that neither a dry nor a wet State should be hampered in solving its problems according to the will of its own people," he writes the committeemen. After summarizing his recommendations on such matters as the tariff, farm relief, old-age and unemployment insurance, and the five-day week, he turns to what he seems to consider the core of the political situation:

"Let me beg those members who come from what are roughly grouped as the dry States to realize that perhaps the most outstanding problem facing your Chairman and this committee is to attempt in some way to reconcile the dry attitude of the party in the South with the liberal attitude of the party in the North.

"If these opposing positions can not be reconciled, we must squarely face the fact that our party is really divided into two parties, because there is no gainsaying the fact that the Northern Democrats, electing candidates on the Prohibition issue in such great States as New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio, and Illinois, three of which States are normally Republican, are strongly demanding some constructive change in our present Prohibition laws. In the hope that we may come to a common and definite understanding on this question, I have recommended the home-rule plan for liquor control."

To many Democratic stalwarts who oppose him, Mr. Raskob is striving to make Prohibition a paramount issue rather than economic problems, which they hold are far more important. Among those expressing such views are Senator Cordell Hull, of Tennessee and Senator Marcus A. Coolidge of Massachusetts. Another is William G. McAdoo, ex-Secretary of the Treasury.

Demand for Mr. Raskob's resignation was voiced at a Washington meeting of the National Woman's Democratic Law Enforcement League, "who bolted their party in 1928," as we read in the New York *Times*, and who "assert they will never vote for a wet Presidential candidate." Two hundred members of the conference were received at the White House by President Hoover.

But a few days later a delegation from the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform also called on the President, to present a petition for legislation to permit the people to vote on the Eighteenth Amendment. The resolution, we read, was based in part on Mr. Raskob's effort to have his party adopt a repeal plank.

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There's No Harm in Using a Little Persuasion
—Carlisle in the New York "Herald Tribune."

As for what the Democratic National committeemen themselves think of the Raskob idea, a few quotations from the press will show the division of opinion:

"Mr. Raskob is, in my opinion, within his rights in polling the membership on matters that are, or are likely to become, issues."—James M. Tunnell, Delaware.

"While I recognize the right of the committee to make recommendations, I am opposed to exercising that right."—Arthur F. Mullen, Nebraska.

"I do not believe Prohibition is, or should be, a party issue. Injection of this issue would but serve to divide the ranks of the party and complete the disruption of the party, the symptoms of which we witnessed in 1928."—J. C. Adams, Texas.

"I am in full accord with Raskob. Our party can not evade or compromise the Prohibition question in the next campaign."—John M. Callahan, Wisconsin.

"I believe acceptance or rejection of Prohibition in the next Democratic platform rests entirely with the delegates to the National Convention and not the National Committee."—Mrs. Charles J. Sharp, Alabama.

THE reaction of the Southern Democratic press also shows a sharp cleavage. Taking the favorable side first, and starting off with the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*:

"What is there unfair or unwise in this proposition? Is it more advisable to have the people forget all about problems of government and questions of policy for four years?"

In the same city, *The News Leader* declares "there can be no valid objection to what Mr. Raskob is doing, provided, of course, his conclusions are presented to the platform committee as a recommendation and not as a mandate."

And the Miami *Herald* agrees that "Mr. Raskob is right in attempting to secure something of an opinion from the leaders of the party on the many important questions now facing the people of this country as a guide to the actions of the convention."

Now for the opposition.

"Mr. Raskob's idea seems to be," asserts the Tampa *Tribune*, "that he has been constituted not only the general manager but the platform-maker of the party."

It is to be regretted, adds the Atlanta *Constitution*, that he has "sought to commit the committee to an expression of party policy in advance of the National Convention, for the committee . . . has nothing to do with an expression of party policy."

Advice to the chairman is offered by the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, which says that he should "avoid a procedure which is calculated to breed schism within the party and to give aid and comfort to the enemy."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

BOOTLEG liquor isn't as hard to get as it is to get over.—*Louisville Times.*

ANOTHER kind of intelligence test is what we do with our leisure.—*Toledo Blade.*

A POST-OFFICE is a place that Democrats get nothing out of except mail.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

GIRL Flyer Survives Five-Mile Fall.—Head-line. Then there's hope for wheat.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

YOU can say one thing for Mr. Mellon. He kept on predicting a deficit until he got one.—*Pottsville Journal.*

NOW, if the fellow who invented unbreakable windshields will only try his talent on banks.—*Roanoke World-News.*

WIVES should remember that the average man is like an egg. If you keep him in hot water, he soon becomes hard-boiled.—*Canton Repository.*

OKLAHOMA woman says college women need nighties, spankings, and low heels. This illustrates the difference between demand and need.—*Dallas News.*

A SPECIALIST is a man who wants all your teeth pulled before he tries another guess.—*Los Angeles Times.*

UNIVERSITY professor says the world is made up of protons, photons, and electrons. How about the come-ons? — *Philadelphia Bulletin.*

JIMMY WALKER is described as browned by the much-advertised California sun. New York citizens also may tan him. — *Manchester Union.*

AND how can they hold Mayor Walker responsible for the affairs of New York? It would be different if he were there some of the time. —*Judge.*

FORMER Secretary Fall is convicted of taking the bribe that Doheny was acquitted of giving. You'll have to figure it out for yourself.—*Washington Post.*

RACKETEERING is now described as a national industry with an annual turnover of from $12,000,000,000 to $18,000,000,000. Not to mention the turning over of this country's founders in their graves.—*Chicago Daily News.*

WHATEVER tenter-hooks are, they all seem to be occupied at this writing by Tammany job-holders.—*Detroit News.*

NOT even the astronomers have been able to locate definitely that corner just around which prosperity is.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

AND it must be remembered that in a moment of unemployment an apple did a lot for Sir Isaac Newton, too.—*Albany News.*

CUT wages to mend matters? Great guns, man! The wages of 6,000,000 were cut 100 per cent., and now look at us.—*Los Angeles Times.*

"How can I prevent people constantly writing to me for photographs?" asks a film star. We advise her to send them passport photographs.—*The Humorist (London).*

THINK of all the things a winner could do with an $860,000 prize in a sweepstakes. Why, he could come in second in a Pennsylvania primary for Senator.—*Detroit News.*

DOUBTLESS the authorities were right in arresting the visiting Czech professor for carrying a gun in Chicago. We can't have these foreigners acting as if they belonged here.—*Boston Herald.*

CALIFORNIA may undertake to regulate the import of foreign dried eggs. Steps ought to be taken, too, to dry up some of the foreign eggs who come over here to lecture.—*San Diego Union.*

FROZEN assets get their first chill from cold feet.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

IT is strange how a man will chase a girl until she catches him.—*Los Angeles Times.*

THE average man is like a match. If he gets lit up, he loses his head.—*Buffalo News.*

A PERSON who knows his onions is one who doesn't eat them before going to a party.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

THE earth, judging from seismographic records, must be very uneasy about something.—*St. Louis Star.*

WOMEN Refuse to Abandon Slender Silhouette.—Head-line. They flatly refuse, you might say.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

THAT fellow who says the true sleeping sickness is confined to Africa should observe America's public conscience.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

STILL, Wall Street stocks are more hardy than stock in the drought area. They seem much healthier with the water removed.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Right Out in Public

—Thomas in the Detroit "News."

WILKINS'S submarine journey under the ice will supply the Eskimo fishermen with some wild yarns about what got away.—*Life.*

KANSAS dentist has closed his shop to drill for oil. If he strikes Mother Earth's nerve, it may mean another earthquake.—*Toledo Blade.*

ONE could wish just now that the man with confidence had more money and the man with money more confidence.—*Weston Leader.*

THE British cotton industry is trying to develop a collar that can be thrown away after using. Here we send them to the laundry first. —*Portland Express.*

WRITER says the world's greatest need is some method of conserving and wisely expending youth. A Young plan for youth, perhaps. —*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE case against "Scarface Al" Capone, charged with vagrancy, has been dismissed, but they may get him yet for parking overtime. —*Springfield Republican.*

AMONG the machines developed by man's aversion to work is the political machine.—*Los Angeles Times.*

FARMERS in the drought area ought to hire some Wall Street boys to show them how to water their stock.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

AN Oklahoma farmer stole one chicken and was sent to prison for three years. If he had stolen 1,000,000 chickens, he'd have had a better lawyer.—*San Diego Union.*

"IT is extremely difficult to distinguish between weeds and young plants," says a correspondent. Our neighbor's hens seem to manage to do it quite easily.—*The Humorist.*

So many Congressmen are slipping away to foreign shores, we begin to wonder if the long-hoped-for non-dripping valise hasn't been quietly put on the market.—*Detroit News.*

A CHICAGO gunman, convicted of a particularly vicious murder, has been given fourteen years. If they ever convict Al Capone of vagrancy they'll probably lock him up in the pantry for half an hour.—*New York Evening Post.*

"LAUGH and get rich" is the slogan of a national campaign designed to show that times are better. It's a good idea. You can't grow wealthy if you're down in the mouth, unless you're one of the chaps who take out tonsils.—*Boston Herald.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

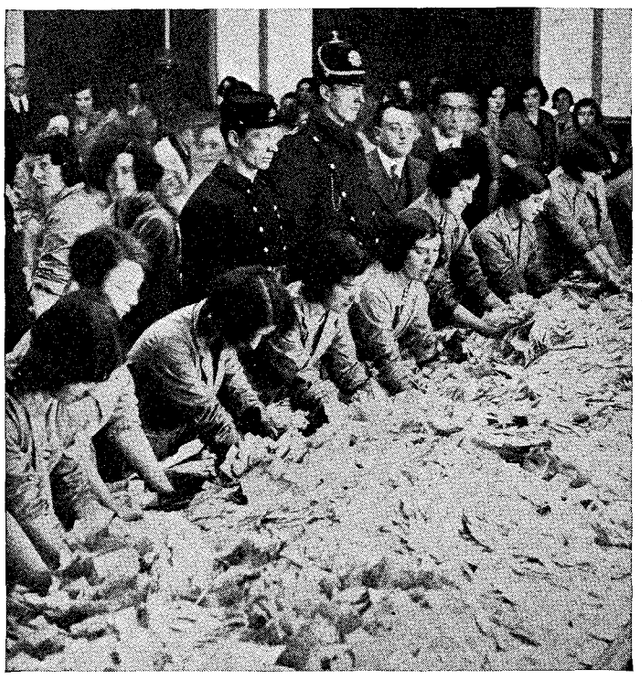
Hospitals and Horse-Races

SUSPENSE, EXCITEMENT AND ANTICIPATION held the attention of millions of people in all civilized lands at the revealing of name after name of the lucky winners in the sweepstake organized for the Irish Hospitals Fund on the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree near Liverpool in England.

Vast fortunes were made for a few, it is noted by a Dublin correspondent of the Cork *Weekly Examiner*, and also the hopes of millions were shattered.

But the enormous success of the Irish race lottery has stirred up a lot of bad feeling in England, not so much against the Irish as against the English law which prohibits lotteries.

Some English editors are especially incensed because they



When England Helped Ireland Out

Sixty per cent. of the ticket holders of the Irish Hospitals Sweepstake live in Great Britain. The Free State authorized lottery was guarded with the utmost care for fairness. Three hundred girls were employed to mix the 3,576,000 counterfoils of the tickets that meant a fortune to a few and nothing to other chance takers in all parts of the world.

realize how dire is the need of English hospitals for funds, and how difficult it is to collect any these days. Says the London *Daily Mail:*

"The pity of it is that this very harmless and natural desire for a flutter, which is something totally distinct from the gambling spirit, can not be utilized in this country for the benefit of our hard-prest English hospitals.

"They must beg in vain, while Irish hospitals (for which in themselves we have every sympathy) get even more than they need.

"Our English law is out of date, and every one knows it to be absurd. Yet no one has the courage to bring it into line with realities, tho it is as impossible to prevent people here from buying Irish Sweepstakes tickets by police measures as it is to prevent the American people from buying alcohol."

AT least a million people in England took part in the Grand National Sweepstakes promoted in Ireland under the direction of the Irish Free State Government, observes the London *News-Chronicle*, and every person so doing wilfully defied the English law.

Probably it would be true to say, this newspaper adds, that not one of these lawbreakers had any esteem for this particular law, or was abashed at his own action. But—

"For that very reason Parliament must intervene.

"We are a law-abiding race.

"A law which is set at nought in this wholesale fashion is discredited; and all laws are thereby indirectly discredited.

"Very soon, and again and again, the English public will be invited to transmit further large sums of money to Ireland or elsewhere.

"It will do so, not of course to benefit any hospital, but to have a 'flutter' in the hope of getting fabulously rich with fabulous suddenness.

"What is the English Government going to do about it?

"Clearly it must take the necessary steps to enforce the existing law with full effectiveness, or, if that is found impracticable, it must so change the law that law can once again take authoritative control.

"We assert without hesitation that the prestige of the Government itself is involved in a matter which is being discust in the frankest possible manner throughout the length and breadth of the land."

A LONDON physician, who for the greater part of his life has been helping to carry on the work of a great London hospital, Dr. John Fawcett, sees a peril to the hospitals in the very success of the sweepstake method of obtaining funds for them. He disagrees entirely with those Englishmen who would have lotteries legalized, and he writes in the London *Times:*

"Nobody doubts that the hospital boards have made, and will continue to make, good use of the funds, to the great benefit of their patients, but Capt. Ian Fraser is right in emphasizing the view that the Lord Mayor of Dublin need not be surprized, much as he may deplore the consequent falling off of private subscriptions.

"This method of raising money will, if continued, slowly but surely stop the flow into the coffers of hospitals from those who are not prepared, and rightly so, to subscribe to institutions favoring enormous gambles of this kind.

"A few days ago a letter appeared in *The Times* from an official connected with a large London hospital, who regarded the illegality of lotteries in this country as an injustice, and suggested a modification of the law whereby well-known public charities might be allowed to benefit from them.

"Much as we may sympathize with his lament at so much money leaving this country, yet the fact that lotteries led to scandals in the long past, and if legalized would do so again, may well outweigh any arguments on their behalf.

"Indeed many would welcome a letter in *The Times* from, for example, the treasurers of the large voluntary hospitals, or from some other body of authority, to the effect that they would not support any form of movement to reestablish lotteries, nor in any circumstances stain their honorable traditions by accepting money from such a source.

"A pronouncement of this nature would be received with relief by numbers of the charitable public, for altho there is little chance of such legalization here, yet the possibility of such an event is already widely discust, and much harm done in the meantime to the cause of hospital charity."

AN Irish criticism of the lottery for hospitals is made by a contributor to the Cork *Weekly Examiner*, who admits that the conduct of the Irish Hospital Sweepstakes is above all criticism in so far as the evils of affairs in the past are concerned.

There is no room for fraud or finesse, he declares; everything is obviously fair and above board. But it is not from this, but from the other end of the sweepstake operations that there is danger, he contends, and goes on to say:

"One need not live with a wide-open ear for the critics who are always vocal among us to sense dangers in the present system of selling sweep tickets. A book of ten tickets may be bought by any one for five pounds.

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"It is not even necessary to buy them; they are distributed free for sale purposes.

"These books contain twelve tickets, which means that the purchaser or seller of a book of tickets has at his disposal two free tickets worth 20s.

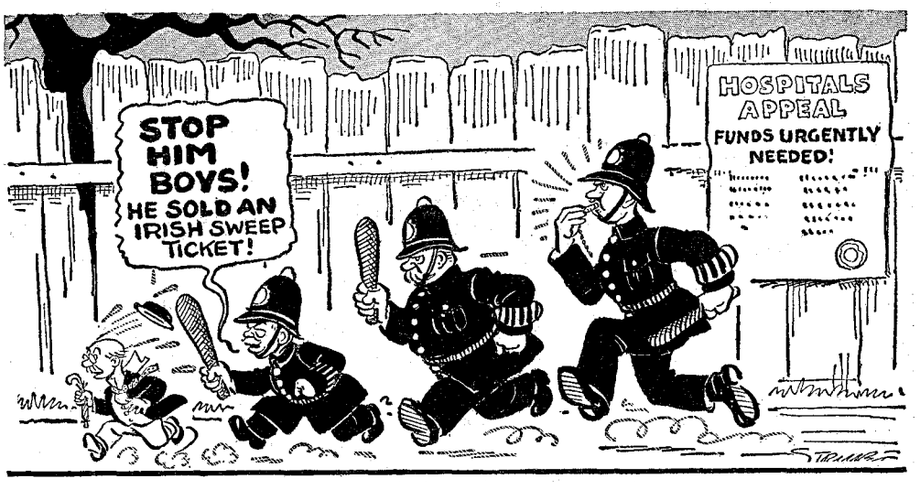
"That is to say, on every five pounds worth of sales he draws a commission of one pound—for there is nothing to distinguish the last two tickets from the others in the book, and they may be disposed of for cash just the same as the others.

"Twenty per cent. commission is an attractive proposition, one calculated to stimulate sales, and promote that agent and factor system from which the evils of the past arose.

"It is an excessive payment for sales that appeals to cupidity, and must energize the unscrupulous. We have tentative consequences in the sale of tickets on the instalment system—tickets and shares purchased by easy payments of a shilling and sixpence, and even less, per week.

"We have already been made familiar with the enterprising ticket factor who makes competitive prices for the tickets by averaging the sale price over the whole twelve tickets and selling at eight and sixpence and nine shillings per time.

"Here we have the beginnings of a competitive system that is bound to develop, and can only develop in the direction of more sales on the least profit to the seller."



Hot on the Scent!

—The "Daily Express" (London).

A New Russo-Turkish Love-Feast

A GREAT SIGH OF RELIEF is heard in the Near East. The Turk and the Bolshevik have signed a new pact of friendship.

It provides, we are told, that the Turkish and Soviet navies are to remain as they are. Neither will build or buy any new war craft or alter any ship to give it greater fighting power without giving six months' notice to the other party. So we learn from the Istambul *Djumhuriyet*.

Turning to the Soviet capital, we find in the *Moskauer Rundschau*, a German-language organ of the Moscow Foreign Office, the statement that this is "no document of the usual type, but an expression of the well-founded interests of the two countries." Ten years ago, it recalls, the Soviet and the new Turkish Republic signed their first treaty of amity:

"When that treaty was signed, the Angora Government was still fighting hard to uphold the independence of Turkey.

"In Istambul the armies of the Entente were in full occupation, and further south Turkish territory was not yet free of Greek troops, gone there at the instigation of the great Powers of the Entente. . . .

"Under those circumstances, the treaty with Soviet Russia was a help of the first magnitude for Turkey. The Soviet Government recognized the Angora régime as the only real Government of Turkey; and it opened a breach in the international front facing the leader of the Nationalist movement in Turkey."

FURTHERMORE, this renewal of the vow of friendship seems auspicious, not only to Moscow and Angora, but to Greece and the Balkans as well. It intensifies the feeling of security in a region of the world that has enjoyed all too little of that luxury. At least, so it seems to the Athens *Proia*, which sees in the new pact an extension of the Greek-Turkish naval agreement signed last November. If Russia and Turkey build no new ships, then Greece will not have to build any, says the Athens paper:

"This treaty is, therefore, very important from the Greek point of view. We are maintaining friendly relations with Soviet Russia, which is chartering many Greek steamships in the Black Sea ports, and we hope to increase these mutual relations.

"This treaty between Angora and Moscow will further strengthen the peace of the Near East, and as such will create a favorable impression in the rest of Europe."

RUSSO-TURKISH trade, the *Moskauer Rundschau* informs us, amounts to some $13,000,000 annually. Turkey imports from Russia all her oil, and most of her coal, sugar, and rubber goods.

In publishing the news of the new friendship pact, the Angora *Milliet* rejoices that it completes the work of the Greek-Turkish naval pact signed last year, assuring settled conditions in the Ægean and Black Seas, and it adds:

"From now on, Turkey may rest assured that the naval power of her neighbors, both in the Ægean and the Black Seas, will remain on a par with our own forces.

"All the contracting parties will have every chance to cut their expenditures in the near future, to say nothing of the moral effect and mutual good-will that such a policy will stimulate among the three countries."

BUT after a study of the new pact, the semi-official *Eleftheron Vima* of Athens remarks that fundamentally the Soviet Union will gain very little from this new treaty:

"In case of war, there is nothing to prevent any other country from sending its ships through the Straits, against both Russia and Turkey, so that the Red Navy is always open to that menace.

"Turkey, on the other hand, having made its peace with Greece, and feeling secure on the Ægean side, wanted some sort of security from the North.

"This Treaty with Soviet Russia seems to offer it; and as long as the Turks are pleased with it, we have nothing to say."

Meanwhile, the Turks at home have been busy casting their ballots in the special election of Deputies to the new National Assembly, and Angora United Press dispatches inform us that:

"There are approximately 3,000,000 eligible voters. Women, whom President Mustafa Kemal Pasha had promised the right to vote in national elections, were barred from the polls as a matter of discipline.

"The Gazi [President Mustafa Kemal Pasha] was displeased because so many of them supported Fethi Bey's new Liberal party in the last municipal elections.

"The old Assembly was ordered dissolved by President Kemal on March 5, shortly after he had returned from a long tour of inspection throughout the country, and confirmed his suspicions that there were serious signs of disaffection existing in every section.

"There are 317 seats in the Assembly of which twelve are held by the Liberal party and the remainder by the Popular party. The results of the election, it is believed, will spell the doom of the Liberal party."

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Time to Halt German Improvidence

A MAD ORGY OF EXTRAVAGANCE, instead of a stern Spartan régime of economy—this is at the bottom of Germany's present crisis, if we may believe that able economist, Dr. Georg Heim.

German patriots like to place the blame for everything upon the severity of the Young plan. Reparations or no reparations, exclaims Dr. Heim, speaking out his mind in the Vienna *Schoenere Zukunft*, a nation that indulges in the foolish improvidence of the pauper must inevitably collapse in an abyss of ruin.

This economic malady, he asserts, can be cured only by drastic moral medicine.

Dr. Heim exposes the present carnival of improvidence:

"Money is simply being eaten up. In the last ten years since the World War there has been no saving of any kind whatever. Quite the contrary.

"The central government gave the bad example, and local governments and State governments have imitated it.

"To hear that one city has given 16,000,000 marks for a stadium sounds insane. Yet this is but one instance among many.

"Luxury architecture of all sorts, in the form of buildings that serve no useful economic purpose, may be indulged in by a wealthy nation, but not by an impoverished one.

"The maddest courses have been taken by certain insurance societies, especially the sick-benefit organizations.

"They do this by indulging in high-priced automobiles and luxurious administrative centers and convalescent homes.

"In such outlay and thriftlessness, the central government again has set a pace.

"It granted a ministerial pension of 36,000 marks after only a few months' activity by the beneficiary."

Consoling Words

"Don't get excited, Michel, you have not reached bottom yet."

—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

DR. HEIM prescribes a revival of the Prussian system of hard fare, simple clothes, no luxury, stern economy.

The Foreign Legion Centenary

A HUNDRED years old in March of this year is the record of the Foreign Legion, established in 1831 by the following royal ordinance promulgated in France: "A Legion will be formed composed of foreigners. This Legion will be called 'The Foreign Legion.'"

A centenary memorial, we learn further from the London *Spectator*, will be unveiled in the courtyard of the Legion barracks at Sidi-bel-Abbes, the cradle of the Legion, near Oran in Algeria. The monument is inscribed "The Legion to its dead, 1831-1931," and represents a cenotaph on which rests a globe of the world. We read then:

"The Legion in some ways resembles a militant religious order.

"Their novitiate lasts some three months at the depot, under very strict novice masters, usually German N. C. O.'s.

"The legionary is bound by at least two of the monastic vows while he is in the Legion—poverty and obedience. His pay is only about one halfpenny a day, for the first year, at any rate, and obedience becomes second nature."

The Anschluss Favored in Russia

THE TARIFF PACT between Germany and Austria interests Soviet Russia keenly, and for a special reason.

Certain Russian Communist organs, such as the Moscow *Isviestia*, predict that following this customs agreement will come the joining of the two States, and after that internal revolution will transform them into a Communist body politic.

They will be complete as one country, according to this Moscow daily, and then the destruction of Franco-British capitalist imperialism will be merely a matter of time.

There can not be any doubt, we are told further, that the Austro-German customs union must play an important part in the development of the *Anschluss*.

Isviestia recognizes that the zollverein led to the political unification of the German States in the nineteenth century, and that the customs union will have a similar influence in the twentieth. The Moscow daily relishes the irony of the fact that it is indeed an important step toward the "United States of Europe" promulgated by the French statesman, Briand. Therefore:

"French imperialism, which concludes its military alliances under the guise of regional agreements, has not the slightest moral justification for protesting against this 'regional agreement' of Germany and Austria, all the less since both these countries very courteously invite even France to join them of its wishes.

"They are, so to speak, following in the steps of Mr. Briand, and have actually begun to organize a Union of Central Europe, if not 'The United States of Europe' (which he himself has preached)."

FROM the industrial point of view, *Isviestia* admits, the new customs union will indeed strengthen German capitalism. It will give rise to new trusts and cartels, which will absorb Austrian competitors. These trusts will compete for their share of the world markets, and to press onward in the economic invasion of such territories as Poland and Czecho-Slovakia. But more immediately, points out *Isviestia:*

"Germans will now be able to speak in a firmer tone in diplomatic conferences with France and in the negotiations on the creation of 'pan-Europe.'

"Since Mr. Briand's pan-European scheme was directed chiefly toward the subjugation of Germany to French imperialism, Germany's present economic aggrandizement will deal a heavy blow to it.

"In the nineteenth century, at the period of the national German movement, the unification of Germany was not completed. Having rallied round Prussia most of the German nation, the German bourgeoisie left, however, millions of German nationals in Austria. . . .

"By a strange paradox of history, this unification, which remained unfinished in the epoch of national movements, is fated to be brought to completion now, in the age of imperialism and of proletarian revolutions, as a means for the restoration of the German imperialism which has been shattered by the World War."

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Can We Breed Supermen to Order?

YES, EASILY; IF THEY ARE willing to be treated like animals. It is just because they are men and women, and not animals, that we can not breed supermen as we breed greyhounds and race-horses.

So says Sir Arthur Keith, the eminent British biologist, writing in the London *Daily Mail* (Continental edition).

If we are to improve the race by evolutionary methods, it can not, he says, be by any kind of compulsion, but by education and cooperation. Writes Sir Arthur:

"We to-day are supermen compared with the beings who preceded us only a short geological age ago. By selective breeding—natural breeding—we have reached our present stage; in our bones, thews, and brains are latent the forces which have raised us thus far, and will raise us further if we know how to exploit them.

"Man and beast are subject to the same laws of heredity. By applying these laws—consciously or unconsciously—selective breeders have transformed all our domesticated animals into supertypes. By a similar application to man we could effect an equally great revolution.

"The most careful and expert breeder of bloodstock knows how difficult it is to produce a 'Derby winner.' Yet his problem is simplicity itself compared to that which confronts the anthropologist who would breed 'Derby winners' in human form.

"Conceive the difficulties of the eugenist who embarks on human breeding. The horse fancier goes into the market and buys his ideal stallions and mares; he sends them to his stud-farm. Call it by what name you will, the eugenist must have a stud-farm, where he can secure control, isolation, and purity of breed.

"The eugenist at once comes up against his first difficulty; the men and women who are willing to submit must be those who are destitute of the most desirable of all human qualities—independence—the urge for individual liberty. Even if he succeeds in assembling a selected community, what kind of men and women would they be that obeyed the dictates of the eugenist?

"And then the morality which must pervade such a eugenical establishment; there can be no soft-heartedness on the part of the man in charge; the undesirables have to be ruthlessly weeded out and cast mercilessly aside as soon as detected; mercy and charity become vices in such an establishment."

He Sees a Better Way

True, we can breed supermen, says Sir Arthur Keith, the British scientist, but he finds more promise in a conscious effort of all the people to make a better nation.

BUT there is another almost unsuperable difficulty—that of time. The eugenist has to wait at least thirty years before he knows the result of his first matings; even if he outlives Methuselah he can carry his experiment only to the thirtieth generation—and not less than one hundred will do. The successful animal breeder holds the eugenist up to obloquy; it is unjust, says Sir Arthur; he can not resort to the methods of the stud-farm. He goes on:

"We have to look round, then, and search for a method of breeding which can be grafted into the normal life of a modern community.

"Now in India there is an hereditary caste system which at first sight seems to offer possibilities. The caste system isolates sections of the community from each other, but isolation without a rigid rejection of weaklings leads nowhere; the caste system of India has not tended toward improvement of human breeds.

"There is, however, an example, taken from nearer home, which helps us to understand what may be accomplished by selection and partial isolation. In feudal times men were selected for their valor, strength of arm, and leadership; they were rewarded by grants of land. For fifteen generations or more this knightly class intermarried and gave us our English aristocracy.

"I do not say that our aristocracy was ever a caste of supermen, but they were a fine and desirable type brought into being by a certain form of selection and matrimonial isolation.

"There is another great human experiment in human breeding which I cite with a certain degree of diffidence—because while it supports it also weakens my contention. The Jews have been breeding in isolated communities for at least one hundred generations. They are, in the full significance of the term, a race.

"There have been contaminations or intermixtures. As the result of a self-imposed isolation, they have strengthened certain desirable qualities. In proportion to their numbers the Jewish race produces a greater number of men and women with aptitude for business than any other; it can claim more than its share of genius—in mathematics, philosophy, and in every form of art.

"Had the Jews been destitute of a deep love and sympathy for the weaklings and failures of their own denomination—they might have been by this time a race of supermen.

"It is man's heart, not his head, which makes him eugenically blind."

THE modern eugenist has wakened, Sir Arthur goes on to say, to find himself in a world ruled by rigid economic standards. Every nation measures its progress not by manhood, but by commercial prosperity. Is, then, the eugenist's ideal a chimera? By no means. He proceeds:

"He has realized to the full that if a nation is to improve its manhood the improvement has to be effected not by the enactment of eugenical measures, but by the automatic cooperation of every member of the community. The State can not do it; no dictator can do it. Only the people themselves can do it.

"The elevation of any single class is useless; the whole nation must be moved up a rung in the evolutionary ladder by a combined movement. That movement will begin as soon as every man and woman is made to realize that the most important division of property they have to make in life is not that of their accumulated savings—but the heritage they have to divide on entering the bonds of matrimony. In every child a father and mother divide their natural inheritance.

"All the eugenist asks is that when young men and women enter on the greatest enterprise of life, they should not let eye and heart make them forget what the consequence of the division of their natural fortune certainly will be.

"That division represents a child's fortune—a fortune it should be of health, of strength, of zeal for life, of enjoyment of life, of mind free from hereditary taint, of aptitude for one of the many ways which modern civilization has opened up as a source of livelihood.

"The eugenist's ideal has become not the creation of a race of supermen, but a nation fit in mind and body."

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A Floral Gas Attack

A GIANT FLOWER THAT BECAME a gas attack and drove a botany class out of its laboratory is described by Prof. H. S. Conard of Grinnell College.

The plant, we are told in *The Science News-Letter*, a Science Service publication (Washington), is a relative of the calla lily and the Jack-in-the-pulpit, but sends its single flower-stalk to the height of a grown man. It is cultivated to a small extent as an oddity, but is seldom seen in bloom. Perhaps fortunately so, for it has a most overpoweringly bad odor when it does open.

It is commonly called "sacred African lily," but is neither a lily nor African, and anybody who once smelled it would hesitate to call it sacred.

Professor Conard describes what happened in his laboratory:

"The bulb was about a foot in diameter when purchased. It was said to be six years old. It received no treatment at all, but was allowed to sit on the table in the living-room. The shoot, already eight inches tall, soon began to stretch upward.

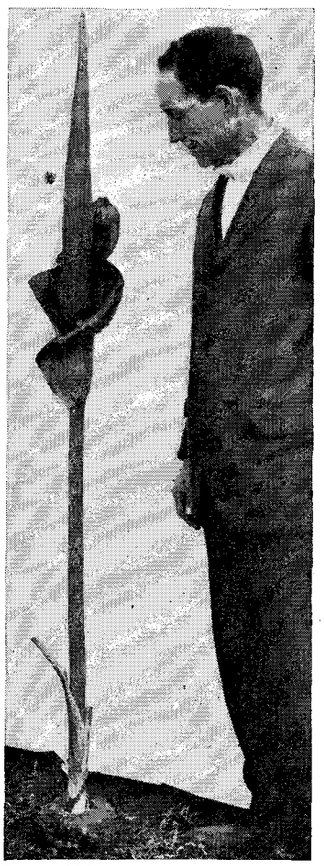
"Gradually the flower bud pushed out of its sheaths, and rose on its mottled two-inch stem to the total height of five feet, nine inches. The flower itself was nearly three feet tall. As it completed its stature, the gigantic calla-shaped blossom began to unfold. But not until it had reached its full maturity did it tell its story. And then it was indeed 'loud.'

"I first saw the flower, apparently in full splendor, on a Sunday afternoon, after invitations to visit it, repeated for at least a week. The flower had a decidedly unpleasant odor, but it was kept in the dimly lighted, cool living-room without giving much offense.

"The owner kindly offered me the privilege of taking the plant to my botany laboratory for the classes to see. So I drove over early Monday morning and got it. The odor was rather strong already.

"After two hours in the warm, bright classroom, the odor became a terrific stench of carrion that permeated the whole floor of the building. 'Another mouse' thought my associate, as she entered the third room away, and started in search of the trouble. She followed her nose into the presence of the gigantic flower.

"Through Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday the odor was simply unbearable. We exhibited the plant a few minutes to each class, and then hurried it to a cold room with open windows. On Thursday morning the odor was scarcely audible. I looked into the great flower, and the stamens were wilted; the time for pollination was past. On Friday the huge spadix had crumpled over, and on Saturday the whole thing went into the flower-press and the pickle jars."



Courtesy of Science Service (Washington, D. C.)

Vegetable Gas Attack

The "sacred African lily," which is neither a lily nor African, and which anybody who once smelled it would hesitate to call sacred. Prof. H. S. Conard of Grinnell College is examining the plant.

AND now it was evident what it was all about, Professor Conard goes on. The pollen is carried from the cluster of staminate flowers to the pistillate flowers of this or another plant by carrion flies. The odor would lure them from long distances. The deep crimson-maroon spadix and inside of the spathe had the color of raw, bloody, drying flesh. The lurid greenish and tawny mottling of the outside of the spathe had exactly the tints of a putrid carcass. He proceeds:

"To the blurred vision of a fly, guided more by scent than by sight, the imitation is doubtless perfect: dead meat set up conveniently on the top of a stalk! And the odor was exhaled adaptively, and not by haphazard, nor even by decay. The scent glands were active only during the three days during which the visit of flies could serve the useful purpose of pollination. No effort was wasted. The valves were opened and closed on schedule time.

"So in spite of its unhappy selection of insect friends, I hand it to this weird flower for the most astounding adjustment of structure and behavior in making the environment serve its living ends. That is what living things always do. They seem to command the environment, of which they are really the products."

Sleep for the Sleepless

THOSE TO WHOM SLEEP will not come of itself must try to coax it.

Herein lies danger, warns a German physician, Dr. G. Zanker, writing on "Artificial Sleep" in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* (Leipzig).

The day may come, he thinks, when insomnia will be conquered by drugless methods —by simple manipulations, or electric treatment.

He even mentions the theory of a Swedish specialist that sleep may be induced by a flow of hidden energy from doctor to patient, which he thinks some recent tests make probable, altho it does not yet form part of orthodox therapeutics, says Dr. Zanker:

"An old German proverb says: 'One hour of sleep is better than a slice of honey.'

"Of course, healthy sleep is a precious boon, appreciated best by those who have lost it.

"Insomnia has over and over again led to suicide.

"It is equally exhausting, whether it is founded upon purely physical causes, or those of a nervous nature, or is due to mental suffering. Hence it has always been the task of medical science to meet it with adequate measures, and substitute artificial sleep for the lacking natural one, whenever it is impossible to induce it in the normal way.

"Of course, the necessity for sleep itself is distinctly dependent upon the manner of living, the constitution, and the temperament of the individual, especially upon his age. Its curve glides steadily from birth down to old age, in which frequently only a few hours of relaxation suffice."

SINCE there are many causes for insomnia, its cure also calls for the most diversified forms of treatment, and frequently it requires the greatest medical skill to find the right one —the one that would do justice to the chief principle of all our actions: *Non nocere*, "Do not inflict injury!" The doctor continues:

"We all know how much evil has resulted from the misuse of soporific and anodyne drugs (I name only morphin, heroin, veronal, and paraldehyde).

"And perhaps it is the task of the future to conquer insomnia through simple physical means, such as hydriatric applications and electricity, or, better still, through mental treatment (psychic therapy), so that we may free ourselves from the chemical straitjacket. I have repeatedly had occasion to see how chronic insomnia, against which all medicine was helpless, yielded to the large wet pack and to corresponding forms of bathing. The sleep thus obtained is usually much more refreshing and free from unpleasant collateral effects.

"In the future the psychic influence of suggestion and hypnotism will probably be valued most highly. However, we must never mistake the latter for the mesmeric treatment, the 'animal magnetism,' so called after its 'rediscoverer,' the physician Mesmer.

"Dr. Alrutz, of Upsala, the Scandinavian scientist, much too prematurely deceased, claimed to have proved through 'unwitting' experiments—in which, owing to a subtle technique,

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every possibility of suggestive thought-transference between him and the person upon whom he experimented, a highly educated German lady, was out of the question—the existence of a fluid emanating from human beings, perhaps the same as the 'od' of Reichenbach. This fluid is transferable to others; it has the effect of alleviating pain and inducing sleep, in any case, always a beneficial one The sound somnambulistic sleep, the trance and other related artificial forms of sleep, also arise under its influence.

"Officially, medical science still faces this statement skeptically, altho the famous surgeon, Professor von Nussbaum, of Munich, has declared under oath that he is convinced of this force.

"However, what to-day research considers unaccountable, may to-morrow, through newly gained knowledge, be a legitimate process."

FOR a child to develop sturdily and to be mentally fit to make his way in life, sufficient sleep of the best quality is essential, says Dr. W. Arbuthnot Lane, in the London *Daily Mail* (Continental edition). To-day, he asserts there are far too many children growing up into men and women of poor physique and stunted intelligence simply through lack of proper sleep.

Clearly, the responsibility for insuring that children get adequate sleep rests with parents, who should be fully acquainted with the actual number of hours required according to age. Says Dr. Lane:

"Babies, of course, should do little else than sleep and eat; very young children, up to the age of six, should have at least fourteen hours of sleep. Older children, up to the age of twelve years, should have twelve hours, and above that age ten hours each night is sufficient.

"The time for going to bed is also important. Young children should be in bed by six in the evening, and by the time the child is eight the hour for bed should not be later than eight o'clock. Subsequently, a quarter of an hour should be allowed for every successive birthday, so that by the time the child is fourteen the time for bed will be nine-thirty. Parents should be rigorous in adhering to such a scale, and insist upon the proper bedtime.

"Every precaution should be taken to insure that the children's sleep will be sound and restful. Parents should show consideration and endeavor to prevent any unnecessary noise.

"The bedroom must never be stuffy, nor the bed so cold that the child can not relax comfortably. Provided there are sufficient warm coverings, the windows should be open. Children should never be allowed to sleep with their heads covered by bedclothes or with their heads buried in pillows."

Courtesy of the General Electric Company

The Steel Rhapsody

Attacks on Men by Owls

AN attack made by owls on persons in Morgantown, West Virginia, was reported a little over a year ago, and inquiry was made as to whether others had had a similar experience.

It was not long, says Albert M. Reese, of West Virginia University, in a letter to *Science* (New York), before the inquiry was answered so emphatically as to leave no doubt as to the fairly common occurrence of this experience. He writes:

"Several answers appeared in issues of *Science*, and the author received personal letters from more than a dozen individuals scattered from Oregon and Texas to Ontario, Canada.

"Several of the writers were college professors, two were physicians, one was an eminent chemist, one was apparently a lumberman, and the occupations of the others could not be determined from their letters.

"Several mentioned specifically the screech-owl as the attacking bird; one said the attack was by a great horned owl; one bird was apparently the snowy owl, and a few writers did not name the owl.

"In most cases the attack was at dusk, tho one was at dawn, and one on a moonlight night.

"Five of the writers said the owls had nests or young near by, and gave that as the cause of the attack. One writer thought the owl mistook the hair on the head of the person attacked for some mammal on which it preyed.

"Several persons said that the owl swooped down close to the head, snapping its beak but not actually touching the one attacked.

"A majority of the correspondents reported the victim struck with claws or beak, and sometimes painfully injured. In one case a lumberjack was said to have 'carried a sore neck for a number of months.' In another case a Louisiana Negro lost an eye by the attack of an owl.

"In a certain part of one town, policemen were much annoyed by the attacks of owls."

A Rhapsody in Steel

THE young lady in the picture is not playing an organ or some new kind of piano or other musical instrument; she is operating the controls for a reversing rolling-mill in the steel industry. Says B. S. Havens, in a press bulletin issued by the General Electric Company:

"This 'piano'-type control keyboard was designed by the company so that one person can easily control a large number of auxiliary mill drives. The easily manipulated foot-pedals cause two large motors, totaling about 10,000 horse-power, to reverse their direction of rotation, from full speed to full speed, in less than two seconds. Not less than two men are ordinarily needed to do the same work if conventional master switches were used instead of the keyboard."

Why People Get Giddy on Heights

AN explanation of why so many people get giddy when they stand on high towers or at the edges of mountain precipices is supplied by Max Baker of Clacton-on-Sea, England, in continuation of a correspondence which has been going on in the columns of the London *Times*. Says Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York). He writes:

"The difficulty, Mr. Baker argues, is not due to fear of falling, but is merely because the eye tries to focus on two things at once: on the distant landscape below and on the edge of the shelf or ledge on which one is standing. This produces the same kind of confusion that happens when the eyes fail to converge properly for any other reason, for example in some kinds of poisoning, which also produce giddiness.

"A curious fact pointed out by many observers, and which is explained by Mr. Baker's theory, is that few people are giddy when looking down from an airplane, altho they may be higher than on any precipice and with far less support. This is due, Mr. Baker believes, to the fact that there is nothing to see but the ground far below. The eyes focus on the ground, and are not disturbed. When one can see, in addition, the wall of the tower on which one stands or the steep downward slope of the mountain below one's feet, eye confusion happens and giddiness may be caused.

"The eyes must make a decision between two contradictory possibilities."

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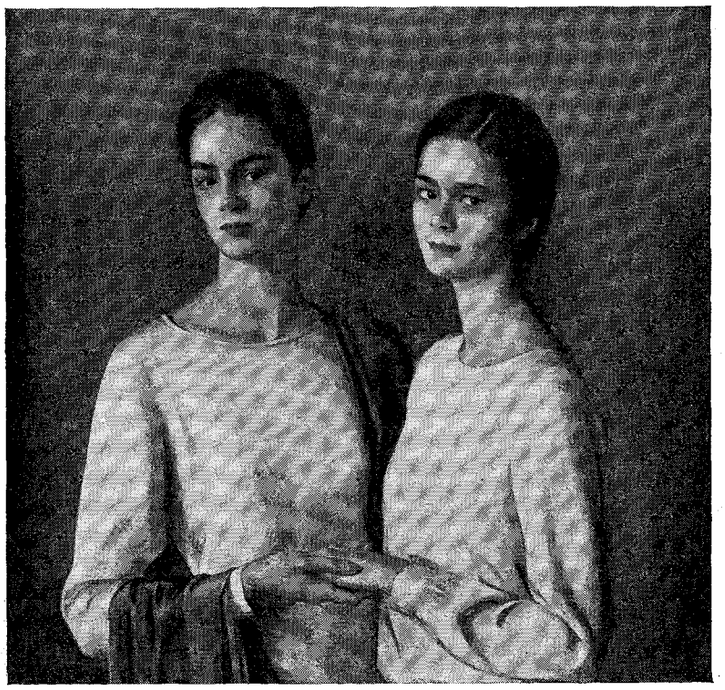
Dream of Fair Women

PORTRAIT-PAINTING HAS VEERED far away from the days of Sargent.

If one doesn't think so, look at the portraits of fair women at the Reinhardt galleries, and think of the opulent clothes in which Sargent drest his sitters.

Clothes are negligible in the pictures by Sorine, Foujita, and Boutet de Monvel.

Portrait-painting seems to have been out of "fashionable favor," so one would think from Henry McBride's remark in the New York *Sun*, that "if anything could restore portrait-painting to fashionable favor it would be a series of exhibitions, such as the one we are considering."



Courtesy of Reinhardt Galleries, New York

Mrs. Robert H. Thayer and Mrs. James Jackson, Jr.

Sorine's forte is "the modern informality of elegance."

"Scarcely a lady of any social pretensions whatever but must yearn, upon seeing these pictures, to be included in the galaxy."

The three men mentioned furnish the majority of the representation, with a small number from Kees Van Dongen, Augustus John, and Sir William Orpen.

As the two last named are nearer the old tradition, critical emphasis has been given to the Russian, the Japanese, and the Frenchman who are so entirely in the new manner.

Since the exhibition has been called "a dream of fair women," a woman may be the better appraiser. So Helen Appleton Read, in the outset of her notice in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, gives a hint to our American artists:

"These Europeans practise the art of successful society portraiture far more ably than do Americans who dedicate their talents to a similar task.

"They produce charming portraits highly acceptable to their clients in that they register likeness plus charm without descending to the superficialities of magazine-cover charm. Technical equipment plus taste is where they score."

Miss Read doubts if plain women are ever taken on as subjects for the painter, or, if they are, his habit of "viewing femininity through rose-colored glasses makes them fit into his formula."

FORTUNATELY, so we are told, the portraits in the present exhibition have had as their subjects charming and chic women:

"Let us examine the Boutet de Monvel, Sorine, and Foujita portraits and analyze them for their quality of charm.

"Will they only be attractive for to-day, and as soon as fashions in painting and fashions in beauty change, will they appear as démodé as do the works of some of the fashionable painters of other days?

"Van Dongen?—yes, his success is based on manner, and once his now fashionable quality is displaced by another fashion, his work will be démodé. If one has the means to satisfy whims of this sort, he is undeniably of the moment. But it is a formula that has little to do with the sitter herself.

"But De Monvel, Sorine, and Foujita are another story.

"They are draftsmen, and draftsmanship, provided it has the leaven of style and personality, endures. Furthermore, they interpret, each according to his point of view, the style of the period.

"This is the way smart women actually look as we see them on the street, in their homes, and at dances and the theater.

"However quaint the style of this generation will inevitably appear in the eyes of another generation, since it reflects the style element of its day, it will always have style.

"The grandchildren of the lovely ladies who have posed for these portraits will not be likely to relegate these to attics (figuratively speaking).

"The fashionable world's preference for portrait drawings of this type is understandable. Few people want imposing oils of themselves. If they are art lovers, they can't find the painters who comply with their standards.

"Furthermore, the modern woman finds it slightly Edwardian to sit for a portrait.

"If she wants a likeness plus personality of herself or her children, she either chooses a photograph by Steichen, Beaton, Van Horn, or Huene, or a portrait drawing that has something of the same precision of a photograph. The photographers mentioned invariably make their subjects attractive and interesting, not through the retouching methods pursued by the commercial photographers, but by lighting and striking compositions."

IF mere man has a right to enter into judgment, we may ponder Malcolm Williams's observation in the New York *American*, that "these six contemporary European painters indicate that the portrait which penetrates the psychology of the sitter is less desired to-day than in the past."

He also writes:

"None of these portraits present distinctly American character.

"Indeed, there is scarcely a distinctly American character in the exhibition.

"To that aspect of the American face which is its most national feature—alertness of expression—these European painters appear indifferent. They prefer to hold up to us the mirror of our cosmopolitanism.

"In this respect, Foujita, the Parisian Japanese, outvies the rest.

"His portraits of Americans have such slight native cast of countenance that one fears each sitter may find himself—as Major Higginson said of Henry James—'too cosmopolitan to be at home in his own country.'

"Similarly, nay, more noticeably, Van Dongen's full-length 'Portrait of Miss Jeannette MacKelvie' may serve as amusing

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warning of what may happen to an American under the brush of a celebrated French modernist. This sitter has gained not a portrait but a sketchy color composition of her blue gown and reddish brown dog. It is an excellent example of the failure of modernistic painting in the realm of portraiture.

"The remainder of the exhibition is composed of portraits of women by the Frenchman, Boutet de Monvel, and the Russian, Savely Sorine. De Monvel realizes that the clothes of women to-day have practically no pictorial value.

"Accordingly, he subordinates them to minor accessories. In his large-size canvases—such as the full-length 'Portrait of Miss Florence Baker'—the clothes play a less important rôle than an armful of gardenias, and in the still larger 'Portrait of Mrs. Charles B. Goodspeed,' their rôle is subordinated to a vase of Easter lilies and a Chinese lacquer cabinet.

"De Monvel's drawing is to the last degree accurate. It is almost mathematically exact.

"He employs flat modeling, uses little color, and heightens his effects of aristocratic elegance by using white for his backgrounds. As if to divert attention from the similarity with which he so gallantly makes each mouth resemble a Cupid's bow, he centers attention on the eyes. He can render the eyes with distinction and allure.

"Sorine's portraits of women are stronger by reason of his bolder line, deeper modeling and wider palet. He paints in tempera, water color, crayon—anything but oils. The modern informality of elegance is his forte."

To return to Miss Read, we find she is not insensible to the claims of character in portraiture above mere charm, as exemplified in Augustus John and Sir William Orpen, the fashionable painters of England and Ireland:

"Sir William Orpen's unfailing ability to get a likeness and present it in able direct terms has made him the outstanding example of successful commercial portrait-painting in England.

"Augustus John is the only painter in the group in the sense that he combines painting qualities with the job of getting a likeness without loss to either. Successful as John has been, to the point of becoming extremely fashionable on both sides of the Atlantic, it is a success that has been achieved through a consistent independence.

"His work can hardly be classed in the category of fashionable society portraiture.

"He is one of the few living portrait-painters who emphasizes beauty and fashion if his sitter possesses both attributes without the exaggeration, bombast, or sentimentality of the society portrait-painter, or the underemphasis of the 'art artist,' who through fear of being thought a society virtuoso neglects these qualities.

"No one can say of John that he has capitulated to social standards, however striking his mannerisms and faults may be. He seizes upon the essential quality of his sitter, and if that quality is charm, he gives it full measure.

"Where John scores over the others (this does not include Orpen's efficient workmanlike style), is that he can take what would popularly be called an unattractive subject and give it interest and vitality, which is no way dependent upon beauty or fashion, because of his sensitive or ruthless, as the case may be, appreciation and statement of character."

The Cover

SKY-SCRAPERS and Venice are two contradictory terms. But on a lower scale from an American idea of a sky-scraper the term may go.

This is Venice down at the heel; simple sandolos take the place of gondolas, a rather disheveled lateen sail suggests the pride of the Adriatic.

The island of Sotto Marina is small, as New York is by comparison, so the buildings have to creep up.

But as for color here is the full gamut employed by painters who see Venice as a charmed city detached from the gray world outside its borders. Tho the site may be a slum, it gives forth all the richnesses of tone that are rendered by the great palaces of the main city.

All this provides picturesqueness for the painter, and Gennaro Favai has taken full advantage of it.

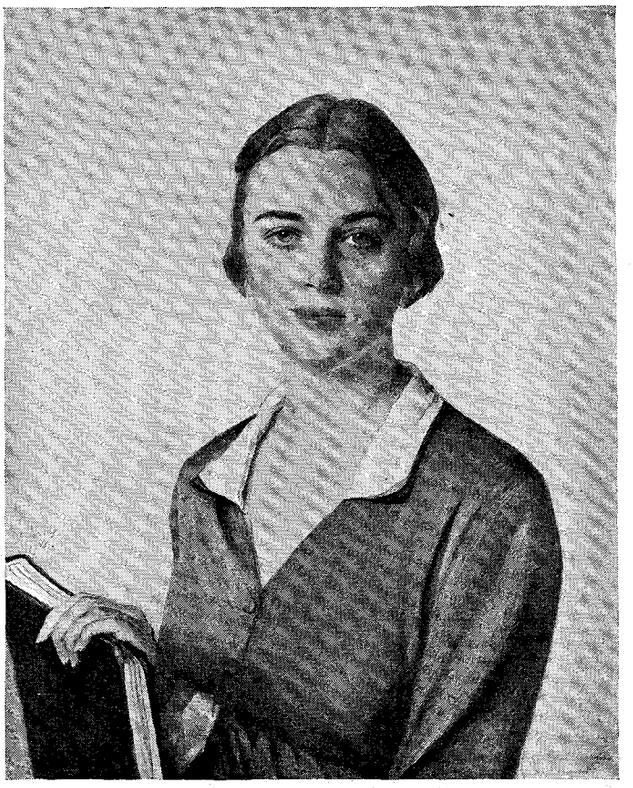
The painter was born in Venice about fifty years ago.

O. K. for Coolidge on the Classics

DEMOCRACY WITHOUT THE CLASSICS, government of the people, for the people, by the people without the spirit underlying Greek and Latin, must ever remain unthinkable.

When Calvin Coolidge said this recently he uttered a truth neglected in his own country and lapsing more and more into neglect throughout Europe, declares Dr. Alexander von Gleichen in the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt.*

Freedom has grown with the growth of classical studies, and it



Not a Portrait Destined for the Attic

Savely Sorine pictures Mrs. Pryce Harrison.

has decayed with their decay, affirms the German. Calvin Coolidge rendered all mankind a service, when he took up the cudgels for the classics, believes the German savant, and there were things, he goes on, which Mr. Coolidge might have emphasized—thus:

"Through the continuity of our culture, made one with the classic culture of ancient Greece and Rome, the Western world can defend itself against an oncomiug wave of barbarism now menacing it from the East, a savagery of thought threatening to sweep civilization away.

"The classics are a treasure-chest containing the spiritualized thought of Europe.

"The utilization of this intellectual and spiritual treasury comprises a tremendous resource for the family of truly European nations, civilizing them more and more.

"The essentially European is determined and formed by ancient Hellas and ancient Rome. To the extent only that the classics are incorporated into our being and consciousness are we Europeans.

"Perception of this was once sure and certain. It was no superstition, the feeling which once grounded the young well in their Latin and their Greek. In the beginning this sort of education meant simply a participation in the noblest of heritages. The traditions of the loftiest civilization ever achieved by humanity were embedded in these richly equipped tongues of old. They were called dead languages. Yet they were more alive than many so-called living idioms. The spiritualized thought that gives life was enshrined in them, entrusted to their

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keeping. Thus they emancipated the minds of men from the deadening effect of their daily routines.

"From the long monotony of the daily grind, the words of the 'living' languages lost their first fine fresh feeling and life. They were misused, perverted, spoiled, charged with slang, and bereft of profound meanings.

"Vital, on the other hand, spontaneous, dynamic, pellucidly clear remained Latin and Greek as instruments of the most majestic, most exalted, divinest thought."

AND what, asks the learned German next, does the Latin and what does the Greek impart to the plain man? What can he derive from classical studies? What do they bestow upon him who is not an expert in them?

"Doubtless, for the pretentious, for the conceited, for the individual swollen with self-importance, the whole region conse-

Mrs. Vincent Astor

By Bernard Boutet de Monvel, whose drawing is to the last degree accurate.

crated by classical studies is of no consequence whatever. Such people never grasp the meaning or the scope of the beauty in the classics.

"To the plain man, nevertheless, to him who has intellectual humility, these tongues unfold all their glories. They redeem him from the weary, dead round of his ordinary existence.

"They rescue his intellect from the leveling influence of the degrading prose of the moderns.

"For all the literature of to-day is rendered sordid by its contamination with the material cares of our world as it is now. A famous English statesman has said that in his utmost weariness with life and the world he had but to turn to Homer and to Vergil to drink afresh fountains of rejuvenation from their eternal springs. . . ."

Then comes a tribute for the ex-President, for America, and a certificate of adoption into the cultural family of the old world:

"And now a former President of the United States, no less eminent a personality than Calvin Coolidge himself, reveals his conviction that to the people of a living republic, for the dwellers in a true democracy, the classical culture is indispensable.

"Through the medium of the humanism which is common to the civilization of both America and Europe, the new world manifests itself as the true child of the old, the lawfully begotten daughter of Europe."

A Besom for Ghosts

WILL THE TIME COME when ghosts are bootlegged?

The Pennsylvania Legislature is reported to be contemplating a new prohibition law—not of ardent spirits, but literary—those nameless mortals who "take the cash and let the credit go."

"Ghost writers" are the poor obscure chaps who actually write the articles appearing under the names of prize-fighters, baseball stars, or other famous people who couldn't write an article to save their lives.

The star athlete is known *sub rosa* as the "nominal author," but under the proposed legislation he must make his bow hand in hand with the ghost.

Ralph Bergengren, in the Boston *Transcript*, seems to see ghost-writing as a venial sin. "The practise is old," he says, "and has occasioned much interesting criticism of literary compositions." Thus:

"Was Homer Homer—or an association of ghosts?

"How about William Shakespeare?

"This possibility of a ghost has haunted scholars and enriched literature with many perspicacious and critical séances.

"Nevertheless, it has been rather a harmless deception, and (as some ghost may have written) caviar to the general; the large public has been cheerfully willing to take the 'nominal author' as offered.

"One might reasonably have expected legislation for the identification of literary ghosts to have originated in Missouri rather than Pennsylvania."

MR. BERGENGREN fears that "the sponsor of this proposed legislation, Representative A. Sowers of Philadelphia, has not glimpsed the entire company of ghosts now practising literary collaboration with mortals or the wide gamut of their participation." And he adds:

"The relationship between mortal and ghost is hardly to be accurately defined by the terms 'nominal author' and 'actual author.'

"Some ghosts, no doubt, are indifferently honest; others, again no doubt, meticulously conscientious. The bill (one reads in a current news item) 'would require a publisher to ascertain and make a record of the identity of the actual author. All published articles would have to carry "with equal emphasis" the names of both the nominal and actual author. The penalty clause specifies a fine of $500 for each offense or a maximum prison sentence of thirty days.'

"Report leaves doubtful whether it is the publisher, nominal author, actual author, or all three together who will be fined or imprisoned; the period of incarceration will presumably be measured by the proportion in which the nominal author is also actual author.

"To print both names with equal emphasis would often be misinformative for the reader, and an injustice either to the 'nominal author' or the ghost. It might be the case that the ghost had written the whole thing ($500 or thirty days); it might happen that he had written only an occasional chapter or paragraph. When the case came to trial expert literary critics would have to be employed by the prosecution and the defense.

"The effect of this proposed law would be to drive both 'nominal authors' and ghosts out of Pennsylvania for literary purposes. One must have some inducement to write for publication other than to be advertised as a 'nominal author.'

"It is quite another matter to have your book 'edited by.' In this case the mortal name of the ghost, if sufficiently distinguished, confers distinction, suggests a not unadmirable modesty on the part of the 'nominal author,' and shows also that he has a nice literary taste in ghosts."

Innocent readers have long been crediting literary talent to kings, financiers, doctors, actresses, movie queens, who not?

What will they say when these literary laurels are torn from their brows?

Will there be a Walpurgis dance of animated ghosts?

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An Archbishop and Mr. Milliken on the Movies

CHURCH CRUSADERS AGAINST the "menace of the movies" come in for some bitter criticism at the hands of representatives of the motion-picture interests.

Indeed, Carl E. Milliken, Secretary of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, says that "movie pulpiteers" who attack motion-pictures as "social sewage," misrepresent religious opinion.

But so far there is no sign of penitence among the crusaders or any formal church acknowledgment that the motion-picture interests have elevated the screen to the promised higher plane.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"Full of Salaciousness"

So Archbishop Curley of Baltimore describes current movies in opposing their showing on seven days a week.

So the battle is still on.

It was in a recent address in Portland, Maine, that Mr. Milliken, a former Governor of that State, replied to the critics. After complimenting church leaders who are "participating in the movement to raise the community values of motion-pictures," Mr. Milliken said, as an Associated Press dispatch quotes him:

"The occasional movie baiter does no harm to the industry, which improves pictures in spite of him.

"He does great harm to the Church, which he misrepresents.

"His statements put church opinion in a false light. They drive away from the Church, and from confidence in the Church, the virile, intellectually excited younger generation, which seeks avidly for something to accomplish, something to inspire, and which has a healthy contempt for anachronistic attitudes and senile jeremiads."

THE trend in pictures, said Mr. Milliken, is constantly upward in intelligence, in art, and in wholesomeness. "An overwhelming percentage of current motion-picture product," he told his hearers, "is indorsed by millions of churchgoers, both by individual attendance and through representative groups who carefully scan the pictures in the reviews, yet there is a type of mind which professes to see, in the words of Dr. Eastman, nothing in this fine entertainment except 'social sewage.'"

Dr. Fred Eastman, to whom Mr. Milliken refers, is a well-known religious leader and writer, and one of the chief crusaders against the "menace of the movies." He had spoken from the same platform from which Mr. Milliken was defending the motion-pictures.

"It is false leadership," went on Mr. Milliken, "which sees in Christianity a bludgeon instead of a motivating influence toward God."

Mr. Milliken cited five "great accomplishments in self-discipline which the professional wo-howlers refuse to recognize or support."

These five accomplishments of the movie industry are, we read: Adoption of a formula whereby several hundred successful books and plays have failed to meet the test of suitability for the screen's wider audience; adoption of a code to set high standards in the studios; adoption of an advertising code "which is steadily raising the tone of advertising"; elimination of crime and exploitation of criminals from the news reels, and limitation of crime and evil in entertainment pictures to the necessities of dramatic contrast, with sharp delineation of the consequences attendant upon wrong-doing.

Similarly, Will H. Hays, who is characterized as the "spiritual adviser of the film industry," also sees an improvement in the moral tone of the movies.

"To-day," he says in a statement printed in the form of an interview in *The Motion Picture Monthly*, official publication of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, "it is a rare exception to find any picture produced by a member of the organized motion-picture industry in which the criminal goes unpunished or unregenerated, and in which violations of the accepted moral code ever go unpenalized."

Acme-P. & A. photograph

"Movie Pulpiteers"

Who attack motion-pictures as "social sewage," says ex-Governor Carl E. Milliken, misrepresent religious opinion.

Mr. Hays also takes credit for cleaning up motion-picture advertisements. These, he says, are published at the rate of 15,000 a day, so that some objectionable ones will appear, but he asserts that a great gain in the wholesomeness of poster and newspaper advertising has been achieved.

LATER, in his annual report to the board of directors of his organization, Mr. Hays said that the greatest of all censors, the American public, is beginning to vote thumbs down on the "hard-boiled" realism in literature and on the stage which marked the post-war period.

"The handwriting now plainly on the wall," went on Mr. Hays, as his report is published in the press, "is that America is largely through with the post-war preoccupation with morbidity and crime in literature and drama. The orgy of self-revelation which marked such a large portion of modern authorship is passing," and as he views it,

"We have a new younger generation, now rising from the jazz age, that promises to support clean, high-purposed entertainment.

"The motion-picture screen in recent months has done much to debunk the American gangster in films dealing with current conditions. Nothing could prove more forcibly the success of self-regulation in the motion-picture industry than the manner in which such subjects have been invariably treated.

"The insistent message flashed upon the screen has been: 'You can't get away with it.'"

BUT the crusaders are not yet convinced, if we may take a statement of Archbishop Curley of Baltimore as at all representative of pulpit opinion. In opposing a bill to permit the opening of motion-picture shows on Sunday in Maryland, in which he is joined by Bishop Helfenstein of the Episcopal Church, Archbishop Curley protests, as he is quoted in *The Churchman* (Episcopal):

"Spiritual values are an asset to any city.

"The trend of current movies is to destroy these values.

"Educating our youth is costing us millions.

"Immoral movies tear down what our schools are trying to build up. Being conscious of a share in the responsibility for the

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spiritual well-being of the people of Baltimore, and convinced that the average motion-pictures presented to our American audiences are so full of salaciousness, and so destructive of moral standards that they should not be shown to decent people on any day, therefore, I am particularly opposed to motion-pictures being shown on Sunday.

"I am not opposed to movies, as movies, on Sunday, but I am opposed unalterably to the moral rottenness of the movies we have six days of the week.

"Since Mr. Hays and the industry insist upon giving us movies that are calculated to wreck the morals of our people, I see no reason on earth why a six-day supply of movie dirt is not enough."

A Negro to Negroes on Voting

WHEN THE NEGRO CEASES TO BE THE TOOL of the corrupt politicians, and learns to use the ballot with honesty and discrimination, he may achieve the right to vote in every State in the Union.

As it is, his record for venality in the North hampers him in the South, where the use made of the colored man by the carpet-baggers and scalawags during the black era of Reconstruction has not been forgotten.

So says a Negro who has watched the manipulations of political machines in Philadelphia, Chicago, and elsewhere, and witnessed the debauching of the Negro for selfish party ends. It was that, he admits, which served to debar the Negro from the polls in the South.

Federal legislation will not clear the way, declares James Samuel Stemons, a Negro writer of Philadelphia, who does not believe that the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment would bring his race any conceivable advantage.

This is his opinion, as he sets it down in *The Southwest Review*, Dallas, a magazine, it may be noted, of white Southern ownership. He believes it is for the Negro to win the right to vote.

The key to the situation, holds this representative of his race, rests largely with the Negroes themselves, and, reminding us of the fell days of the Reconstruction, he counsels:

"The fact must be firmly grasped that the attitude of Southern people toward Negroes in politics was born of the unbridled abuse by Negroes of the elective franchise, and their slavish subserviency to the basest and most sinister political influences that this country has ever known.

"Such lapses may have been excusable, and to be expected, on the part of ignorant ex-slaves.

"But long and earnest observation and reflection have convinced me that the political status of Negroes in the South to-day is less a reflection of post-bellum ignorance than of present-day blindness, stupidity, and, far too often, downright venality on the part of that race as a voting group."

THE record of Negroes in the North, where their right to vote is not questioned, gives color, says the writer, to the claim of Southern politicians that the Negro does not deserve the franchise, and he asserts frankly:

"It would be difficult to cite a single election in any Northern metropolitan center in which the Negro masses have failed eagerly and avidly to join with the reactionary forces on any and every clear-cut issue between civic decency and indecency, political honesty and dishonesty.

"It matters not to them that the press, the Church, the clergy, and the organized forces of common decency are arrayed on one side; they are deaf to all appeals, save from the political corruptionists and schemers arrayed on the other. I could fill a book with instances of the way in which Negroes have made themselves notorious by becoming the tools of vicious political rings."

He says he actually saw, in a city "less than a hundred miles from Atlantic City," Negroes bartering their votes for as low as fifty cents and a drink of whisky.

And in Chicago, where the Negro vote is at times sharply divided, "investigation will disclose that it is always on questions of assumed friendship, and never on questions of civic decency and political honesty, that such divisions take place."

The writer interjects that, other considerations being equal, Negroes would, of course, be less than human if they failed to give the fullest and freest support to the person or the party that seemed most responsive to their legitimate rights and interests.

"But," he says, "when their friends array themselves on the side of political debauchery, and their maligners on the side of common decency, then a true conception of their responsibility to society, and even to themselves, leaves them no defensible choice other than to submerge all questions of friendship or favor and to support whole-heartedly the principles of political righteousness, regardless of those by whom such principles may be espoused. In other words, the Negro has no interest that in any way transcends clean and honest and efficient government."

The Negroes' slavery to a political organization is illustrated by the fact, the writer points out, that eight years ago they opposed the nomination and election of Gifford Pinchot as Governor of Pennsylvania, altho Mr. Pinchot "turned out to be more just and generous in his attitude toward colored people than has been any other Governor in the history of the State." And last fall, when Mr. Pinchot was again an independent candidate for Governor, "almost no Negroes supported him."

SO long, then, as Negroes make a farce and a menace of the elective franchise and alienate friends and champions all over the country, maintains the writer, "just so long will Southern people plead justification for their attempts to circumvent the Fifteenth Amendment; just so long will they find whole-hearted approval of their purpose to deal with this situation to suit themselves."

The writer does not suggest that the masses of Negroes should be expected to excel, or, at this stage of their development, even to equal the masses of other citizens in their civil and political standards; but he does mean that the more culturally favored Negroes should adhere to the highest civil and political standards. He maintains:

"The Herculean task of colored leaders, therefore, is to prove the unquestionable fitness of their race for the elective franchise, by inspiring Negroes, through consistent example as well as through incessant precept, to use their ballots with the utmost honesty and discrimination where they are allowed to vote.

"And then, with this trophy of demonstrated fitness as their warrant, let the sanest and most level-headed leaders among Negroes confer with the same class of leaders among Southern white people, for the purpose of coming to a sympathetic understanding regarding the political future of the race in that section.

"And the innate leaning of the average white American toward justice and fair play, in spite of the apparent power of mobs and politicians, suggests that a harmonious and mutually satisfactory method will be developed (modified probationary periods, for example) for gradually extending to Negroes such political concessions as they clearly merit.

"This may seem a long and tedious process, and doubtless it would be such. But I can conceive of no other course that would not inevitably lead to strife and bitterness and disappointment.

"The Negro did not descend to his present state of political chaos and impotence in a day, and it will take him more than a day to emerge."

Up in Arms Against Militarism

MORE than 10,000 students in fifty-five universities have signed a protest against compulsory military training in colleges, according to *Zion's Herald* (Methodist). The protest, which has been presented to the Senators who opposed a Federal appropriation for such compulsory military training, states that military courses "seek to idealize war and to inculcate a spirit of unquestioning military obedience which is an emotional armament of war," and that "insistence upon the compulsory feature of military training indicates that the majority of student opinion stands opposed to it and constitutes its own confession of failure."

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To Steal or Starve

IT IS HARDLY LIKELY that many in this country could be faced with such a dilemma—charity is always near at hand.

But a capitalist, who bewails that millions of men willing to work are unable to find employment, admits openly that he would steal before he would starve, and a religious journal concedes there is room for argument.

The twin problems of unemployment and the imperfect distribution of natural resources strike at the foundations of our political and economic system, said Daniel Willard, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in an address before the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce of the University of Pennsylvania. They show, he pointed out, the necessity of discovering what defects in the capitalistic system permit millions to be cold and hungry in one of the richest and most productive countries in the world.

Continuing his criticism, as he is quoted in the press, Mr. Willard said:

"A system—call it what you will—under which it is possible for 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 of willing and able-bodied men to be out of work and unable to secure work for months at a time, and with no other source of income, can not be said to be perfect or even satisfactory.

"On the contrary, it can be said to have failed in at least one very important detail.

"I can think of nothing more deplorable than the condition of a man, able and anxious to work, but unable to secure work, with no resources but his labor, and perhaps with others even more helpless dependent upon him.

"Unless he is willing to starve and see those who justly look to him for support also starve, his only alternative is to seek charity and, failing in that, to steal.

"While I do not like to say so, I would be less than candid if I did not say that in such circumstances I would steal before I would starve."

YET, "with all its defects, and doubtless there are many, the capitalistic system," believes Mr. Willard, "affords a better and fairer basis on which to build an economic structure than any other system so far devised and tested by man."

The railroad president's words will be deplored by many, says the Pittsburgh *Christian Advocate* (Methodist), as an incitement to crime. But, on the other hand, multitudes who know what it is to go hungry in the presence of vast and unmeasured wealth, asserts *The Advocate*, "will accept these words as an expression of common righteousness." No argument is necessary, we are told, since—

"Everybody must concede that no right is more fundamental than the right to work and to live.

"It is the commonest of Christian teachings that the resources of the earth are the Lord's, and every one of His children is entitled to a share in them.

"No incompetent, blundering economic system built by man, no matter how devoted to the alleged sanctities of private property, should be allowed to stand for a moment between God's children and their birthright to life and work.

"But why should American citizens be placed in the unhappy dilemma of stealing or starving? Is it not better that they receive what they need, not as charity but as justice, rather than be compelled to steal it?

"Has society any right to drive men to crime, especially while it withholds from them that which is rightfully theirs, a chance to work?"

But while agreeing that the principle of self-preservation has some rights, *The Christian Century* (Undenominational) argues that it "is also safe to assume that the owner of the food would, if he could be made aware of the desperate need, willingly give it to save another from starving."

With crime at high tide, the Chicago journal believes:

"The discussion of the question in terms that justify stealing is bound to be demoralizing at a time when popular sensitiveness has been dulled to moral distinctions.

"Every enemy of society is able to capitalize it as an excuse for his disregard of the rights of others.

"Three thousand and six robberies were committed in the city of Chicago in the first ninety days of 1931. The sentimentalism that has been spilled in this newspaper debate has brought aid and comfort to every one of the thieves."

Soul Growth

By Annerika Fries

REBELLIOUS heart, in the grip of fate,
Have patience, wait!
Calm you and hark to the great wind's blowing,
Bearing winged seed to your hands for the sowing.
Drive deep the plow of sorrow and pain,
Turn up rich soil for the golden grain,
Spare not the tears: they are needed as rain;
Too long, too long has the field lain fallow,
Now well prepared and no longer shallow.
Please God, a soul is growing!

—*The Times, New York.*

From Ghetto to Farm

EIGHTY THOUSAND JEWISH FARMERS are "holding their own, despite the present economic depression." So runs the thirty-first annual report of the Jewish Agricultural Society, which heralds to the world that the Jew has not forgotten his pastoral inheritance. Hands lately more used to the pressing-iron have been able to grasp the plow.

Thirty-one years ago, we read, there were only 216 Jewish farm families in the United States. To-day there is a Jewish farm population of more than 80,000.

The area under Jewish operation approximates a million acres. Every State in the Union has its quota of Jewish tillers of the soil, and, states Gabriel Davidson, general manager of the society, they "are becoming more and more an integral part of the American farm population." Last year the society loaned $6,550,000 to Jewish farmers, and located employment for 17,060 Jewish young men.

A unique experiment which may be of interest to other groups is being tried by the society near New York. The society has purchased a tract of land near New Brunswick, New Jersey, and subdivided it into five-acre poultry- and truck-farms, and settled a selected group of workers, who are thus enabled to combine a job in New York City with work on the farm. The society, we read, hopes that this may lead to a cure for the dreadful conditions prevailing in some of the highly seasonal industries, such as the needle group. It believes that the peak seasons in such an industry can be staggered in arrangement with the rush periods on the farms.

IT is significant, as the report informs us, that 56 per cent. of these Jewish farmers went to the soil because of a love for farm life. Indeed, many gave up lucrative city positions and paying businesses to satisfy this urge.

Ninety per cent., according to a sociological study, exprest their intention to remain on the farm, and 64 per cent. want their children to engage in some form of agriculture. Eighty per cent. are satisfied that they made an advantageous move in going to the farm.

Another significant fact is that the farmers are almost unanimous in saying that they are getting along well with their non-Jewish neighbors.

"This is well," comments *The American Hebrew*. "The society should not encourage the transplanting of ghettos to the soil."

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

Two pictures, one evoked by imagination, one by reality, and the real clothes the imaginative with terror. In *The New Republic* (New York):

LETTER FROM INLAND

By H. Boner

Born in the harbor town, you always remember
Ships, I suppose, and the low calls at night
Of fog-bound craft invisible and creeping
In desperate caution toward some friendly light,

And in your dreams the barges crumple white
Ruffles of foam before their sluggish beams,
And stars come riding shoreward through the night
On muted lifting swells; and in your dreams

Always, so I have heard, there are lonely bells
Clanking untunely on some lonelier sea,
And wharves, collectors of strange wastes and smells
Poured from long vanished vessels. But to me,

Stranger to waves, except the curls of loam
Behind the share, or wheat in summer wind,
To mist, except the autumn-smoke, to foam
Except brown clinging stuff that rides the thinned

Split torrents after rain, to me it seems
A malice cold and invisible resides
Where the high inland of the ocean gleams,
Flows in the intricate weaving of the tides,

And shows most treacherous when most asleep.
Then under the innocent surface light and shade
With subtle and dark insinuation creep—
I never see it but I am afraid.

Mr. Littlefield, an ardent American Italianophile, writes a hail to Fascismo, and Signor Mussolini passes it on to his non-Englished brethren. From *Il Grido della Stirpe* (New York):

VIVA IL FASCISMO!

By Walter Littlefield

From cloud-hid battlefront on Alpine height
  To where the azure sea in sunshine sleeps—
  Tirreno's kiss the Adriatic greets—
We'd won with pain, with wound, with life, by right
Our long-lost land. Insatiate the slight
  Of friends; insatiate the fiend who seeks
  To blast our laurels while the field still reeks
And turn the chaos to eternal night.

Enough of this! The she-wolf's whelps awake.
  The fasces that the Roman lictors bore,
The legion's eagles—symbols now we take
  For love of land, for justice, and the law.
Our faith, our zeal—all sacrifice we stake,
  Which renders death sublime and fate secure.

Traduzione di Benito Mussolini

Dal fronte di guerra nascosto fra nubi sui vertici alpini
sin là dove dorme nel sole il mare ceruleo—
e del Tirreno il bacio saluta l'Adriatico—
noi riguadagnammo a diritto, con il dolore, la ferita, la vita,
la nostra patria lungamente smarrita. E pur insaziato rimane
degli amici il disdegno; insaziato il nemico che tenta
incenerirci gli allori dal campo di battaglia tuttora fumante
e volgere il caos in notte eternale.

Non più! Ecco i cûccioli della lupa, ecco ora destati.
A noi i fasci che il romano littore recava,
le simboliche aquile delle legioni ora noi riprendiamo,
per l'amor della patria, per la giustizia e pel dritto.
La fede e il fervore—qual si sia il sacrificio per posta mettiamo,
ne diviene la morte sublime e certissimo il fato.

Poets will say, "Well, what of it?" and go on doing. From *The Saturday Review* (London):

POETS

By Hugh Longden

Full many a poet sings,
Or plays on broken strings,
Of love and death and things,
  Through life.

Poor hearts with such a trust,
Where love so easily must
Inevitably thrust
  Her knife.

In the April *Bookman*, Elizabeth Shaw writes of "The Poetry of Bolshevism" and cites the following, which slipt casually into *Pravda*, and set the official world into an uproar. We are told:

"This poem sufficed to ostracize its author. Bezymensky described him as one not fit to be spoken to or touched; he was jeered at and derided by everyone. Gorky likened the attacks to the 'snappings of a mad dog,' and while lamenting the young man's relapse into 'bourgeois sentiment and bad taste,' tried to explain the error as due to his unhappy childhood, his suffering as a soldier, his early nourishment on 'sorrow and gunpowder.'

"Even with allowances made for an imperfect translation, these verses, as poetry or as rebellion, are not very astonishing. The young author simply confesses that, after tortured years, peace and love and beauty are irresistible. Heart-troubled yet helpless, he says farewell to the factory worker, grimed with 'life's storm and stress,' and goes to meet the springlike loveliness, the snow-whiteness of one 'made for love.'"

RENDEZ-VOUS

By Ivan Moltchanov

Dawn and the sunset fire
Glow and then fade,
Trees spread their lace-like fans
Shadowing the glade.

Day and then night revolve,
Bloom and cruel frost;
Dear, you are by my side,
Near and yet lost.

Pale as the deadened moon,
Sadly you plead;
Pardon my halting words—
Know then my need,

Need for the peaceful hours
Under blue sky
After the painful years
That crucify

Heart and flesh of me,
Trouble my dream,
Need for this vivid love
Bright as hope's gleam.

She is as fair, as sweet
As spring's fragrant earth;
I sing new songs to her
Through my re-birth.

Beneath her two straight brows
Burn her dark eyes,
The whiteness of her hands
Pale snow defies.

This girl is made for love,
Songs and caress;
You yearn for factory work,
Life's storm and stress.

Dawn and the sunset fire
Fade and then glow;
I have a rendez-vous—
Dear, I must go!

A simple soul looks at a great problem and wonders why it need be so complicated. From *The New Statesman and The Nation* (London):

THE BURDEN OF DISARMAMENT

By MacFlecknoe

When nations, groaning underneath the weight
Of swollen fleets and armies grown too great,
Resolved at last to try what might be gained
From limiting the forces they maintained,
We thought (poor, simple souls, intent on peace),
That "limitation" sounded like "decrease":
We little dreamed what millions must be spent
To bear the burden of disarmament.

Yet scan your daily paper, and you'll note
France must increase her military vote
Simply because her army cuts implied
A frontier yet more strongly fortified,
While wicked Germany, disarmed by war,
Becomes by magic stronger than before.

To France a naval limitation means
New battleships and larger submarines;
To Italy it means a new advance
To bridge the gap between herself and France.
Great Britain and Japan with anxious care,
"Yardstick" in hand, survey the squabbling pair,
Lest European scaling-up should cause
Recourse to London's "escalator clause."
The harassed Senate of the U.S.A.,
While funds are falling, ponder with dismay,
Amidst their votes for pensions and for charity,
The ghastly cost of building up to parity.

We, simple souls, can draw no clear deduction,
Save universal, genuine reduction.

Carrying evolution a step further than the physical realm. In the New York *Herald Tribune:*

WANDERLUST

By William Griffith

Something down in the dark,
  Once on a time,
Sought escape . . . and a spark
  Gladdened the prime.

Joy . . . and a dawning gaze
  Kindled the sun.
Forging the iron days,
  Toil had begun.

Deftly came witchery
  Weaving a spell,
And put the sounding sea
  Into a shell.

Something designed the trees,
  Faltered—and then,
Fanning the furnaces,
  Labored on men;

Smiting and hammering
  This from an ape,
That from a stammering
  Shadowy shape;

Giving them each the vast
  Reach of the sky,
Since the dark ages passed
  Tardily by . . .

From the steel tyrannies
  That betray peace,
Something still promises
  Rest and release—

Urging and beckoning
  City and town
Forth for a reckoning,
  Now and anon,

Over the open trail,
  Clean from the din;
Sun—stars—a friendly hail,
  Lights and the Inn.

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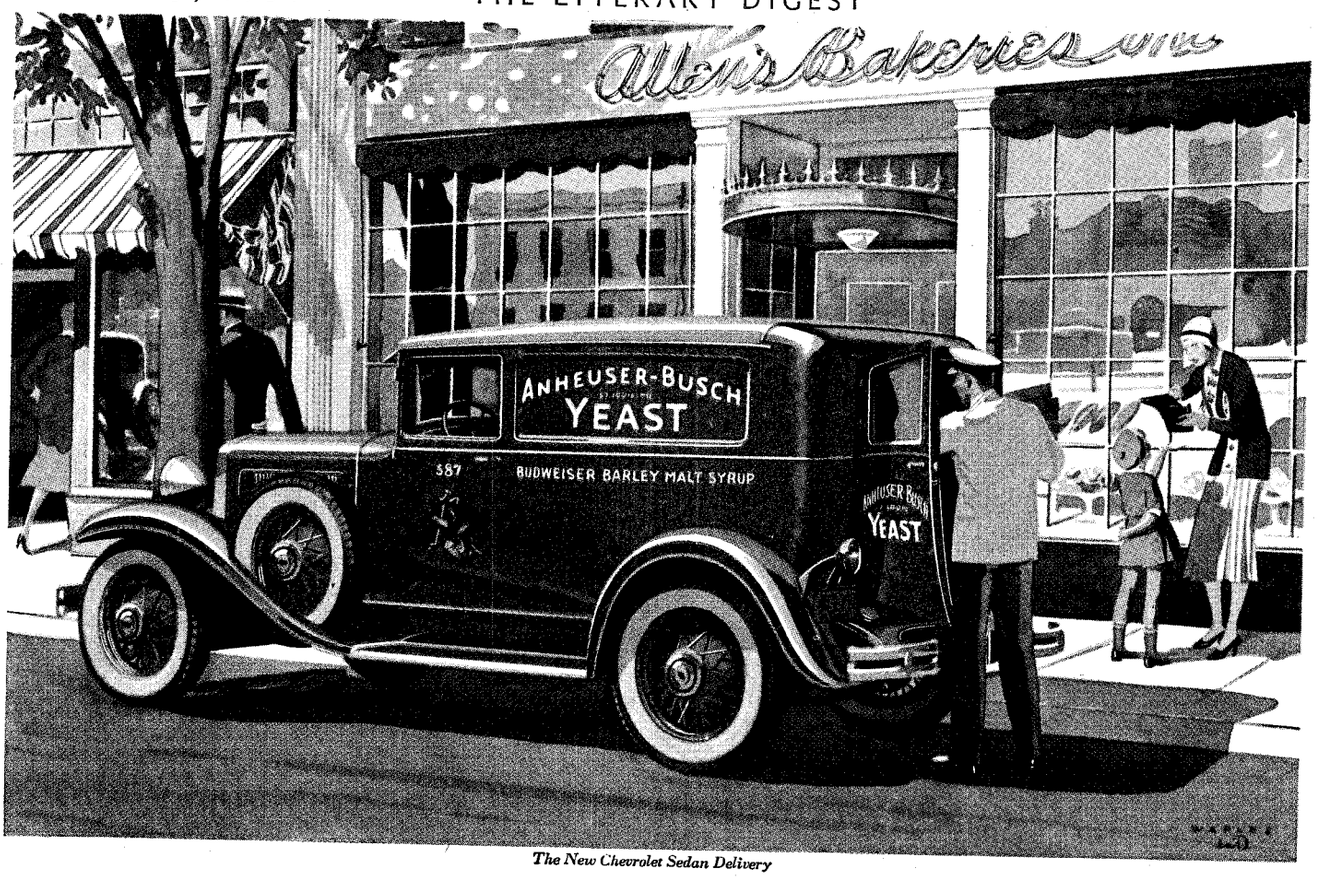

The New Chevrolet Sedan Delivery

Proved Economy

CHEVROLET

Hardly a day goes by without some new and famous name being added to the long list of Chevrolet Six fleet owners. For, it is a matter of record among many large fleet operators that the Chevrolet Six is the most economical motor vehicle. A gasoline consumption of twenty miles to the gallon, or better, is not an unusual experience. Operators frequently comment on Chevrolet's unusual ability to keep running, day after day, without need for adjustment or repair. And speedometer readings on many Chevrolet cars still in active daily service show 50,000 miles or more. Naturally, when an automobile proves itself so economical in the service of large business firms, it represents an extremely wise investment as a personal car. Particularly so, when you consider what Chevrolet offers above and beyond economy—its modish Fisher Body style, its liberal comfort, its complete security, its smooth, alert, flexible six-cylinder performance.

Chevrolet passenger car prices range from $475 to $650. Chevrolet truck chassis are priced from $355 to $590. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan. Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy terms. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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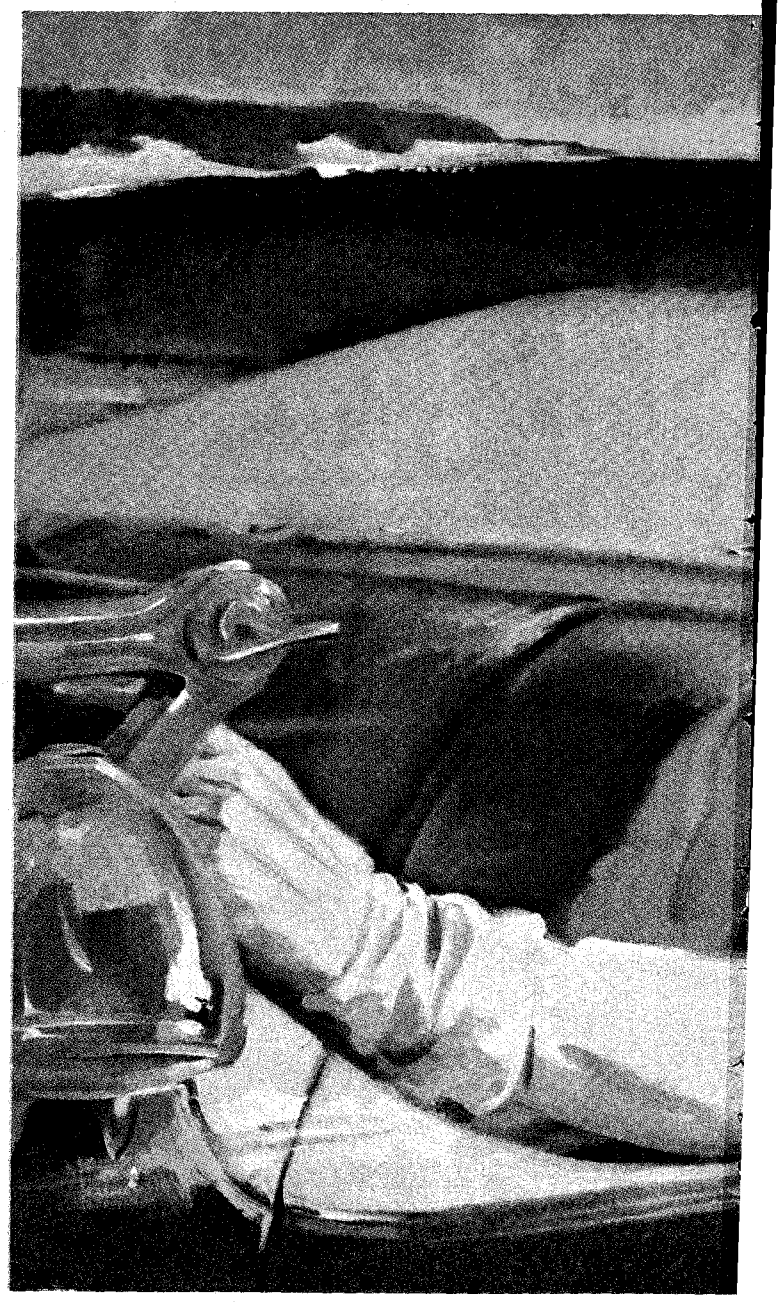
THE EIGHT



To the father of the finest girl in the world .

Do you remember the day when that bobbed-heade youngster of yours decided that it was time she wa learning to drive the family car? First came a shock perhaps, with the realization that she was old enoug and big enough to handle a car alone. And then mis givings. You hesitated a little, naturally, before yo finally gave in to her demands.

If you have had that experience—or if you are du for it—it will interest you to know what Buick ha done in designing the new Buick Eight to make driv ing easier, safer and more enjoyable.

Buick has eliminated driving fatigue by making stee

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AS BUICK BUILDS IT

Owing to their popularity, the present models of 1931 Buick Straight Eights will be continued throughout the coming summer and fall.

ing wheels and drivers' seats quickly adjustable to the exact positions best suited to the individual driver. A "road shock eliminator" also makes steering easier by preventing jolts from reaching the wheel.

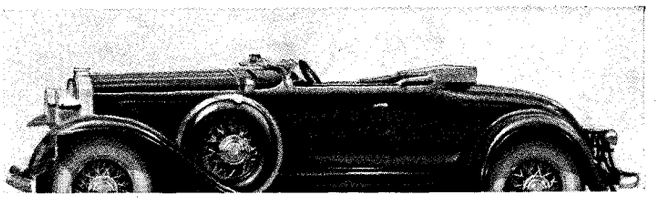
Both driving ease and safety are increased by the Buick silent-shift Syncro-Mesh transmission. You can shift instantly, quietly, and expertly—even from high back to second, whenever the need arises.

Buick's bodies by Fisher, because of their wood-and-steel construction, afford protection as well as attractive style. And, of course, the Valve-in-Head design of Buick's Straight Eight engine is famous for its unusual dependability.

Here, at Buick, we like to have *people* in mind and design our cars to fit the men and women and girls and boys who are going to drive them. Apparently we are right in adopting this plan of procedure, for more than 50 out of every 100 buyers of eights in Buick's price range are selecting the Eight as Buick Builds It.

The new Buick Straight Eights, in four series and four price ranges, are offered in 22 luxurious models, from $1025 to $2035, f. o. b. Flint, Mich. . . . Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing motor car values.

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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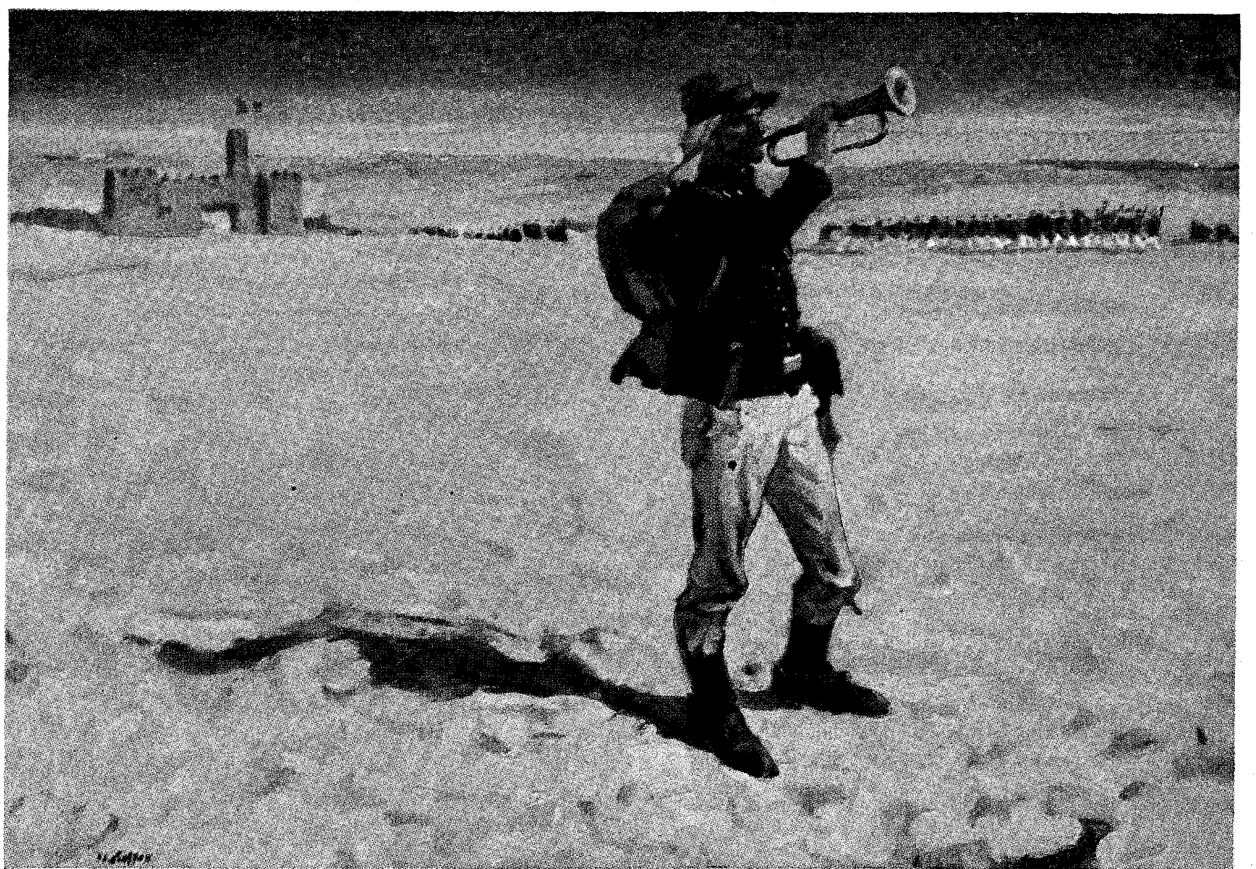
"I've marched with the Foreign Legion



yet you sign for me at your country club"

What do the grim watchdogs of the desert know of luxuries? Well, try to take their Chesterfields away from them! Over there—and here too—a good cigarette means good tobaccos. What you taste in Chesterfield cigarettes is *milder* and *better tobaccos*—nothing else—blended and "cross-blended" to produce a satisfying fragrance, a flavor which is Chesterfield's alone!

Chesterfield

Greater mildness . . . better taste!

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Springfield, Missouri

White House Honors for a Boy Hero

"GOSH, I DON'T DESERVE ALL THIS," protested the nation's latest and youngest idol.

It was his thirteenth birthday. He was propt up in a hospital bed, almost snowed under with letters, telegrams, flowers, presents of money, offers of airplane journeys and of clothes and other merchandise.

Most important of all was an invitation from the President of the United States. As soon as his frozen feet and hands would permit, he was urged to journey to Washington as a White House guest, to be honored in various ways incredible to the simplest of country boys, and actually to sleep in "Lindbergh's bed."

"Honestly, I don't deserve it," insisted Bryan Untiedt, whose glory dates from the multiple tragedy of a Colorado school bus marooned in a blizzard, when March was going out like a lion.

Twenty children of the little school at Summit Hill, forty miles from Lamar in the Arkansas Valley, were being driven home on the morning of March 27 to escape "the worst blizzard seen in Colorado for forty years." Astray in that white fury, the bus went into a ditch and stayed there. For thirty-six hours the little people in it went through a life-and-death ordeal of horror and heroism ranking it with famous tragedies of Arctic adventure. Five of the children died.

And the public has picked upon Bryan Untiedt as the hero of the occasion, somewhat to his embarrassment.

"It's wonderful to be invited to the White House," he went on, "but I never expected anything like this. I don't see why the rest of the kids can't go along"—there were fifteen survivors out of twenty small passengers—"but I guess they can't take us all."

HE was anxious to proclaim that some of his fellow survivors, notably the bigger girls, had been his peers in bravery and self-sacrifice for the preservation of younger lives. And he brings that out in his own moving story (copyrighted by the Denver *Post*) of those thirty-six hours of torture.

"The bus was getting fuller of snow all the time," he relates. "All the children were crying loudly. About 4 o'clock, our fire went out again.

"'I have no matches, so prance around,' said Carl"—meaning Miller, the twenty-nine-year-old bus driver, who was to lose his own life, and whose little daughter was also marked for death. And here comes Bryan's tribute to the girls:

Meanwhile some of the bigger ones tried to keep up their spirits. Of these, Alice Huffaker was the noblest. Few cross, whiny words came from her. All was gentle and as merry as possible.

"One sure thing, we can hardly smother," was one of her jokes. Herself, Eunice Frost and Rosemary Brown kept asking riddles and jokes as long as they could.

"I don't see how we can hold out all night," Carl told me. "Just look at that," and he made a gesture to the snow in the back of the bus. But when one of the little ones asked him, he always gave a very hopeful answer.

International Newsreel photograph

Bryan Can't Understand Why the Nation Should Make Such a Fuss Over Him

"Let's try and crank this car," he said, "and we may be able to go a ways with the wind." I got the crank and he sat down to the wheel. Suddenly he gave a shout of joy. "Look," he cried. "Quick, look here."

There under the dashboard the fire had started again.

THIS was a fire that Miller had made in a dinner-bucket, feeding it with wood which he hacked with his jack-knife from the back of the driver's seat, and a modicum of gasoline. We read on:

We kept it going for an hour. Then it went out again. But the next time it went out we started another fire in the back of the bus. With no wood, Carl cut a slit in the seat and began tearing the cornhusk filling out to burn. It did not make a good fire, but he began tearing up books for fuel.

"Can I use your book, Bryan?" he asked of me. "There's nothing else."

It was a borrowed book, but I decided to let it go.

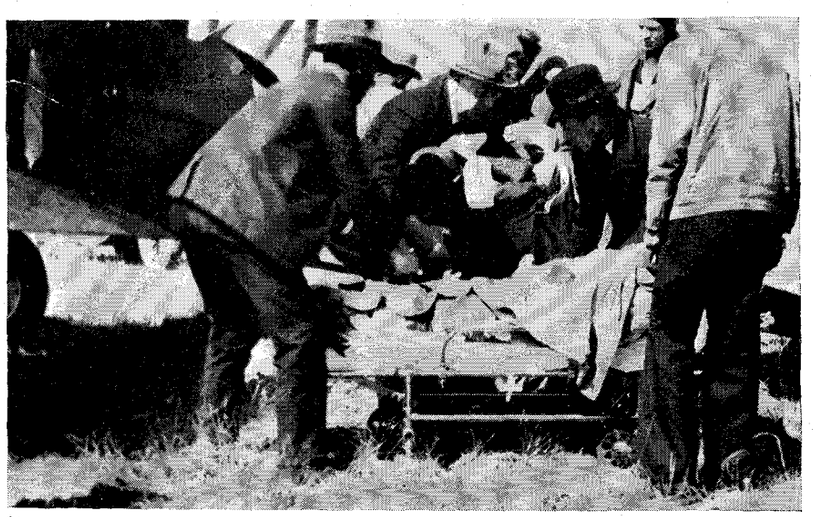
"I'll buy Gerald another," I said. "Use it." It was torn up and used, but now both fires went out for good.

Carl cried out, "Get up, prance up and down or you'll freeze. Hurry up, damn it."

Every one jumped and stamped until they were too tired.

"Now get together, huddle up, and hurry," he commanded.

So we worked this all night.



Acme

Lifting Frozen Survivors from an Airplane Ambulance

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A pipe is still a man's smoke

A man looks like a man when he smokes a pipe

THERE'S no getting around it—women nowadays are doing everything that men do. Driving our cars, flying our planes, even smoking our cigarettes. But did you ever see a lady smoke a pipe? That's the one strictly masculine privilege they've left us—and it's really the best of all.

Have you ever smoked a pipe? If not, our advice to you is: get one today! Fill it with Edgeworth and settle down to smoking pleasure that's better than anything you've ever known before.

Edgeworth's rare blend of fine old burleys plus the distinctive eleventh process gives this tobacco a flavor that can't be matched. You can buy Edgeworth anywhere—or clip the coupon below for a special sample packet, free.

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Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural savor insured by Edgeworth's distinctive eleventh process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. *Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.*

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"Don't no one go to sleep," Carl went on. "You'll freeze to death if you do."

It was hard to keep awake. It was harder to keep out of the drifting snow.

Early next morning, we tried to get our lunch-pails from under the seats, but we could not. They were frozen down.

The storm was a little quieter now, but so little that it done no good. That morning Carl got a little delirious. Why shouldn't he? He or I neither one had a coat on. He had no room to "keep going." He also had a terrible responsibility resting on his hands.

"Oh, God, this is awful, this is awful! it's terrible. Oh, God, help us. Oh! Oh, Lord it's——" and he stopt to gaze out into the white.

Every one was praying, some were crying, while others tried to cheer them up.

International

These Little Ones Owe Their Lives to Bryan and His Schoolmates

"If we had something to eat, we might live," he said. "Bob, look under that seat and try to get some pails."

But, his only answer was a jumbling together of words and hisses. Bob's eyes were glassy. We knew he could hardly live. With a push Charles Huffaker sent Bob through the crowd up to us. We pulled and exercised him until he was a little better.

"Give us Kenneth," was Carl's next order, "or he'll freeze also. Hurry up, now."

We almost got him almost normal when Max Huffaker began to stare with glassy eyes.

Several others were noticed to look bad.

Carl arose and said, "Well, I am going to leave you. I can make about six miles with this wind, and I ought to find a house in that distance."

Several of us begged him not to go.

"You'll freeze to death sure," we reasoned with him. "You'll lose your way; oh, don't."

But it was no use. His mind was made up.

"No, I'm going," was his simple, quiet reply.

We took his coat from the little ones and gave it to him. We tried to give him a wool scarf and some more coats, but he would not listen to us; he stept to the door, opened it, and got out. Before he closed it, he said his last words.

"It's going to be just as it is," he said in a smooth, calm voice. "It's a hard case and I'm going to make the best I can of it. Good-by, and good luck, children, and God bless you. Hope and pray for help and God will help you. I know He will."

"And Bryan," he said to me, "when I leave, you have full charge of this bus. Keep them warm till help comes. If I don't see you again, good-by."

Those were his last words. He shut the door and left. We never seen him again.

MILLER'S dead body was afterward found in the snow, three miles from the nearest farmhouse.

Bryan Untiedt's overnight reputation as a hero sprang from the self-sacrifice with which he stript himself almost to the skin to protect his little brother, and the frantic energy with which he kept them all romping, buffeting, and fighting, to avoid lapsing into the mortal sleep of freezing.

But he ignores his own good deeds. His simple story continues:

The hours rolled on. We were perishing fast. Every one worked hard as long as they could.

I tried to do as near like I thought my father would as I knew how. In such a case, he is as level-headed as any one.

About 2 o'clock I took a coat from one of the girls. I had decided to go against the wind to where I thought the schoolhouse was. I got a little ways, but had to return. I could not make it. When I got into the bus, I gave back the coat and kept working with the others.

The storm let up a little; again I tried to reach the schoolhouse. This time Charles Huffaker started with me; we got about 100 yards when we were again forced to retreat. We stood in the blizzard a little to try to get used to it. But we could not. We assisted the dying again, until Charles and the girls were all exhausted. I was nearly so, but had to keep going to keep warm.

By now the storm had cleared so that we could see about eight yards. Suddenly the storm ceased, only for a moment. But during that moment we saw something like a car a little ways away. We screamed till we knew we could not be heard.

Our next disappointment came soon. The blizzard ceased another minute.

"I saw the schoolhouse just over there. I know I did. Oh, yes, I seen it. The

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A GREAT CAR TO DRIVE ON LONG TRIPS

Fast, comfortable, easy to handle

The new Oldsmobile has established itself as a favorite with many people who do a great deal of driving on the open road . . . and the reasons for this preference in favor of Oldsmobile are readily defined.

In the first place, the new Oldsmobile is unusually fast. New features which add to power and smoothness—such as a complete system of down-draft carburetion—enable you to drive more miles per day with greater ease.

And no matter how far you drive, you find the new Oldsmobile restful to ride in. Its deeper seat cushions contribute to greater comfort. And its sturdier frame and low center of gravity assure almost uncanny roadability.

Further, the new Oldsmobile is remarkably *easy to handle.* In addition to such features as roller-bearing steering gear and self-energizing brakes, Oldsmobile now gives you the Syncro-Mesh transmission with Quiet Second Gear. This means that you can drive without fear of gear clashing . . . utilizing second gear on the instant, either for a quick burst of speed, or for braking power on a down grade.

These characteristics of the new Oldsmobile, important as they are in every-day travel about town, are particularly valuable when you drive on long trips across country. For they enable you to travel with greater ease . . . greater security . . . and greater enjoyment of all that motoring has to offer.

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PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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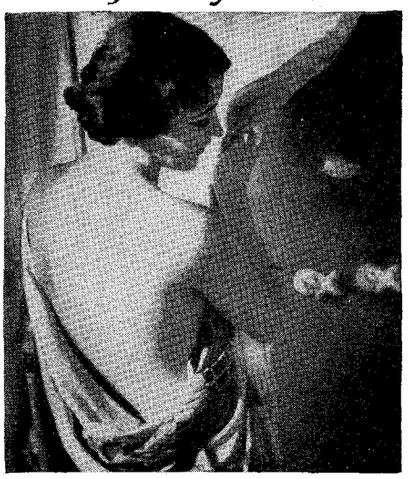
MORNING MOUTH

Everybody has it



ASTRING-O-SOL *corrects it*

ASTRING-O-SOL is the *concentrated* antiseptic-germicidal mouth wash. It penetrates deep into tissues and crevices. Exerts powerful germicidal action. Kills the germs embedded there. Is absolutely safe. Produces an astringent action inhibiting bacteria's growth and activity. Leaves a lasting antiseptic after-effect at the source, purifying the breath—for hours. Exhaustive tests of leading mouth washes by foremost laboratories show that Astring-o-sol alone combines the characteristics scientists say oral antiseptics must possess to be completely effective. Astring-o-sol refreshes, protects, leaves a sparkling after-taste. Get a bottle today.

A 4-ounce bottle makes 12 full pints of refreshing mouth wash when diluted as you use it twice daily.

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court-house, too," cried Alice Huffaker in tears of joy. "Come, Rosemary, let's go."

I kept on with the freezing children while Alice and Rosemary rushed to their house. But alas, they came back. They had not seen the house. We kept working. About 3:30 we heard a faint tinkle. It was the tag-chains of a harness. We screamed for joy. But no one came; it was all imagination.

Every one began huddling again.

"Bob" Brown was worse. Louise Stonebraker was lying in the snow in the back end. We could not move her.

Suddenly she opened her eyes and died.

"Oh, kids, she's dead. Oh, my, it's terrible, how can we stand it," cried Rosemary.

"So's Bob," said some one soberly.

"I'm not going to let him die," wailed Rosemary. "I'm not, get over," she cried.

Every one got off of one of the seats and piled on to the other. We all pulled our best, but the seats would not yield. They were frozen down. Twice more we tried to move the seats, but we knew we would go hungry until some one rescued us.

We had gained our strength a little and exhausted it again on the dying. By this time I knowed that Rosemary, Eunice, Clara, and Charles had finished their work. They would not freeze, but they could do no more work either.

When my strength returned, I worked again. I noticed my little brother Arlo was going. The thought almost drove me delirious. Several times I started to step out the door into what I thought was another room. I caught myself in time. My head felt light. I almost fell. "Think, darn you," I kept telling myself, sometimes talking aloud, altho I seemed to know it was I.

"What will I think about?" asked Alice. "Aw, you know," I said as I started to huddle every one together.

Little Kenneth Johnson and Arlo Untiedt were both staring into the distance and slobbering at the same time. I tried to work them, but they were too far gone. They fell over and Kenneth and Bob Brown breathed their last.

At the time I must have lost my head a little, for I swore and prayed at the same time. "Oh, this is hell," I groaned, and then got angry at myself for saying it.

"I guess the only way is to hunt for the schoolhouse," I told the rest. Could I borrow a coat for a little while?

I borrowed Clara Smith's coat and Alice said she would go with me.

The rest of the children kept at us. "Don't go," they said, "Carl may be back."

"No," said Alice gravely, "Carl won't come back."

Then we started, but still it was no use. We thought it was about 5:45 o'clock when we got back. I gave Clara her coat and said, "I guess it's no use, unless some one comes, we will all die."

"They'll have to come within the next twenty minutes, too." Scarcely had I said this when I heard a horse galloping and the creak of wagon wheels. I leapt from the bus and saw father and D. H. Stonebraker in our team and wagon.

"Father, we are all dying," I cried.

He jerked the horses to their haunches and cried, "Whoa, ——! ——!"

Father threw child after child into the wagon. He worked with lightning-like speed. When about half were unloaded he reached for me. Then I went under.

He told me afterward that I grasped the steering-wheel and said, "I'm all right, get the rest first."

When he reached to get me last my eyes were getting glassy and my muscles were tensing. This is what he told me afterwards. I don't remember it. They threw us into the wagon, cracked the lines and good old Captain and Major were transferring us to safety.

HE doesn't mention the fact that he had sacrificed all his clothing except overalls, shirt, and shoes to shield his dying brother. This is recorded in another copyrighted *Post* article by Franz R. Freiday, principal of the little Summit Hill school. We pick these items from Mr. Freiday's account:

International Newsreel photograph

Bryan Untiedt's First Air Journey

They are putting him on board a plane to rush him to the hospital at Lamar.

When the children were found, Louise Stonebraker, Kenneth Johnson, and Robert Brown were dead. Arlo Untiedt and Mary Louise Miller died about two hours after help arrived.

Clara, Eunice, and Rosemary, by constant chafing of the wrists, hands, and faces of the other children, managed to keep their own hands from freezing. Alice, who had tried to get help, came in so cold she could not move her hands. The other girls were getting so cold, too, they could not restore circulation to Alice's hands. She is the only one with bad hands as a result, but the doctors say she will recover without the loss of any members.

When the bus went into the ditch, only two of its six cylinders were in operation. It was impossible for it to pull out, and those two cylinders soon stopt. Realizing he could not move the bus, and expecting the storm to blow itself out before sundown, Miller settled down to care for the children during the day.

After Miller left, the children did not

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When Buying a USED CAR....
First Select a Responsible Dealer

UNLESS a thorough training has taught you how to judge a used car's value, you can have but one assurance that your purchase will prove satisfactory. And that assurance is the good reputation of the dealer from whom you buy.

It is well to bear in mind, therefore, the cardinal rule followed by a growing number of used car buyers—*first select a responsible dealer.*

Cadillac-La Salle dealers have won the confidence of used car buyers because, first of all, they are men of high business integrity—men whose reputation for fair dealing is above question. Their word concerning the condition of a used car protects you just as though it were a guarantee.

Furthermore, their position as dealers for Cadillac and La Salle cars enables them to offer used automobiles of exceptional quality. The cars they accept in trade on new Cadillacs and new La Salles have usually been treated with uncommon care by their former owners. Many, in fact, have been driven and maintained by chauffeurs, and are virtually in new-car condition.

The current used car stocks of Cadillac-LaSalle dealers are not only outstanding examples of quality and value, but they are also unusually representative from the standpoint of price—including, in many instances, cars as low as $200.

A moment's reflection on these definite and important facts will confirm the wisdom of visiting your Cadillac-La Salle dealer when you wish to purchase a used car.

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LA SALLE V-8, CADILLAC V-8, V-12 and V-16

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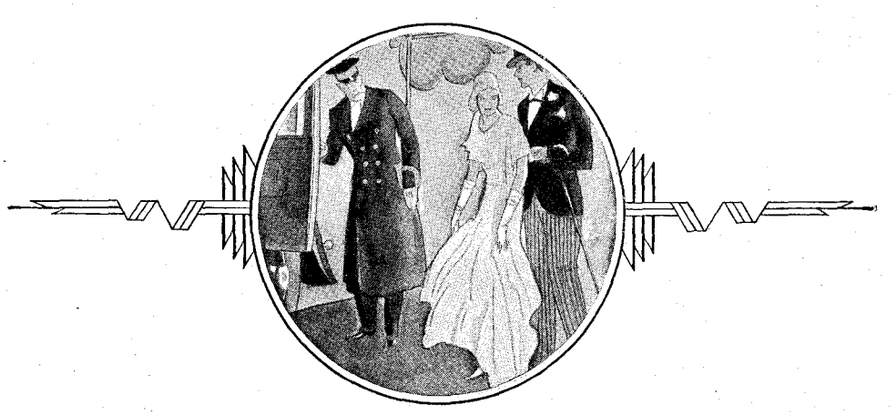

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LOST: ONE SHIRT

BY A MOTORIST WHO THOUGHT ALL MOTOR OILS WERE ALIKE

Don't raise your eyebrows. It takes just one filling of poor oil to put a crimp in a bankroll—to run up a repair bill that will take your breath away!

So why take chances? It's easy to get the finest lubrication a motor can have—by insisting on oils made 100% from Pennsylvania Grade Crude.

Pennsylvania Grade Crude is the best raw material in the world for motor oils! Why? You'll have to ask Nature. When she created it she played favorites. She gave it greater oiliness, greater freedom from impurities. She gave it a headstart over every other crude oil known.

And the refineries which turn this great crude into finished oils have been refining oil longer than any of the others. In the Pennsylvania field you will find the industry's most modern refining equipment. No wonder, then, that Pennsylvania motor oils stand up when other oils quit. No wonder that they have demonstrated their longer life and greater resistance to heat while performing the toughest lubricating jobs: in automobiles, tractors, airplanes, motorboats, in locomotives, stationary machinery and turbines.

Many brands of finished motor oils wear the emblem shown below. Each is made 100% from Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude. Each is bonded to protect you. Buy whichever brand you prefer—and get a sweeter, longer life for your motor

© 1931 P.G.C.O.A.

This emblem appears on many different brands of motor oil. It guarantees that the oil which displays it is made 100% from Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. The maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product.

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL

from which the world's finest motor oils are made

give up, due to the scolding, nagging, pleading, and abuse handed them by the older ones. Not to one, but to all, goes the highest credit for moral courage. Their spirits never broke, even when help came. Bryan called to his father as the rescuers appeared, saying, "Take out the others. I am warm enough." He was the last to leave the bus.

As the children were taken to the house of rescue, they began to relax, and then the terrible ordeal of thawing out began. Aid arrived, and in that little house, on the floors of two small rooms, on blankets and coats all wet with snow, were laid the survivors.

By the side of the anxious parents of the living worked a father, Mr. Ernest Johnson, who had lost his only child. How he worked as a Tatar to save the living! He was no less a hero than some others. He had been walking in the blizzard ten hours when the bus was found.

His boy was gone, but he never stopt. Carrying some whisky, he administered to the living as each took a sinking spell. He worked until all had been taken to the hospital.

As daylight broke and the news spread, more help arrived. About noon the first plane with medical aid arrived from Lamar. In short order, Alice and Blanche were on the road to the hospital. The plane from Denver (the Denver *Post* plane) came in next, and the other children were moved as rapidly as possible.

The touching story of a dog's vigil by the fatal bus is told in a dispatch from a *Post* reporter at Lamar. Thus:

A lone sentry stood guard over the stalled Summit Hill school bus, forty miles northeast of here, Sunday.

Whether he is still there, no one knows. Another storm has disrupted communication with Towner, the village nearest the scene of the tragedy which cost six lives.

If the sentry is still there, he undoubtedly must have frozen to death by this time.

The discovery that the bus was being carefully guarded was made when a Denver *Post* reporter and a rancher undertook the trip from Towner to Lamar, Sunday, in spite of drifted roads and the new storm.

South of Towner, the rancher stopt his machine so he and the reporter could take another look at the bus.

Suddenly, out of the machine darted a growling, furry dog.

He was Willie, a nondescript mongrel belonging to Mary Louise Miller, eight years old, daughter of the dead bus driver, Carl Miller, who herself died from exposure in the blizzard.

How Willie found the bus, no one knows. But there he was.

Inside the bus he had found a little beret which had belonged to his mistress. That was enough for Willie. After that, no one could coax him away.

He would stay until he found the wearer of the beret, too.

Efforts to coax the dog away from the bus and into the car failed. Efforts to catch the animal were equally unsuccessful. The new blizzards were increasing in force.

The rancher and the reporter decided they had best drive on.

The last they saw of Willie he was still standing by the bus, the little beret at his feet, the snow-laden wind lashing his woolly coat, the only living thing on the bleak prairie.

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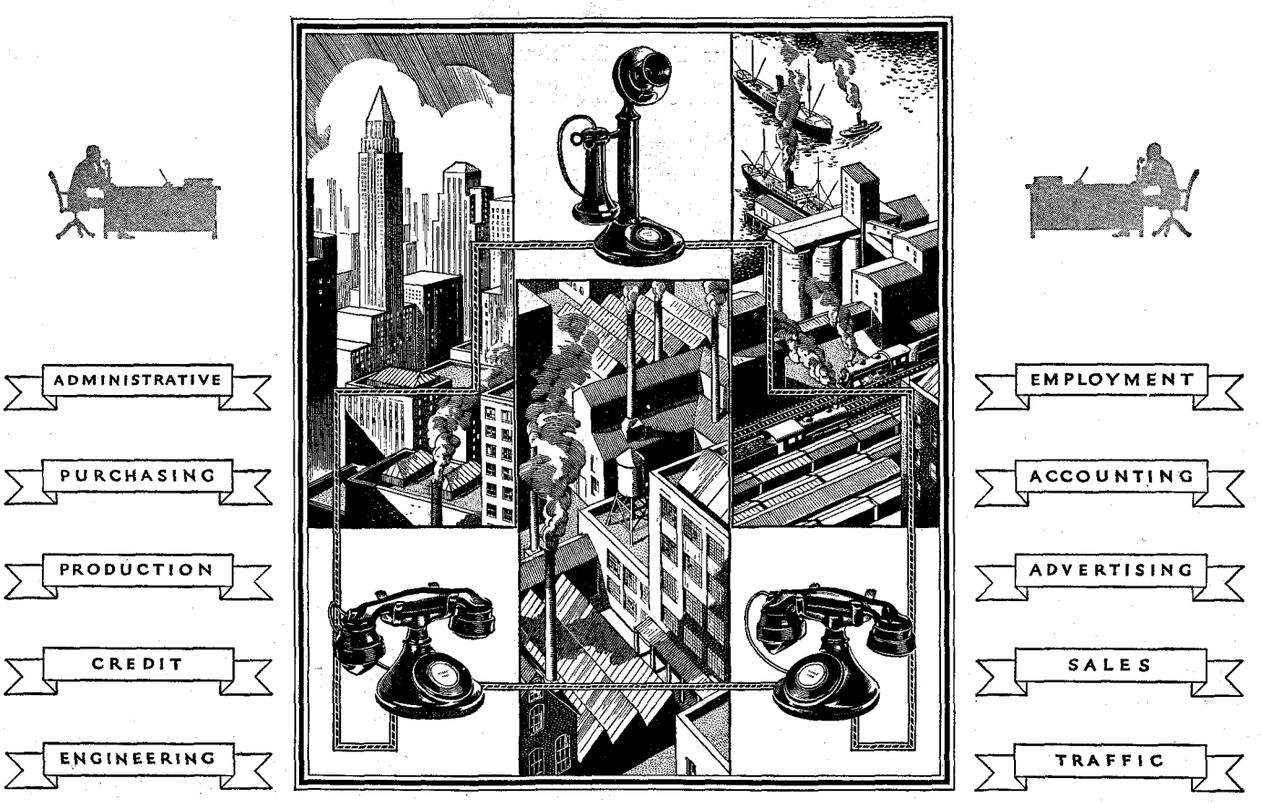
EVERY DEPARTMENT CAN CUT COSTS

...speed business...by using Long Distance



TELEPHONING between cities is so quick, easy and inexpensive that there is practically no limit to the number or scope of things it accomplishes effectively.

The production manager of a factory equipment company keeps in constant touch with its construction crews which are at work in industrial plants throughout the country. A large automobile corporation makes hundreds of calls each month, divided as follows: sales department, 34%; production department, 46%; service department, 13%; other purposes, 7%.

The engineering department of a large corporation needed ten draftsmen immediately. The employment manager called a city in another state and concluded all arrangements in a few minutes. The men reported for work the next day. The credit manager of a lumber firm finds inter-city service a direct solution to his credit problem. Telephone calls invariably get attention on overdue accounts. The traffic manager of a chain store organization uses the telephone extensively in tracing freight shipments.

In sales and purchasing . . . in administrative matters . . . in getting information or giving it . . . in adjusting misunderstandings . . . in maintaining important contacts . . . the telephone is an invaluable aid to every department of a business. Rates are low: Baltimore to New York, 90c. Atlanta to Memphis, $1.65. Detroit to Chicago, $1.15. Evening and night rates are still lower. To reach another city . . . *reach for your telephone.*

BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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The Great Adventure of Seeing

A STRANGE CREATURE WAS GOING along the street. It moved itself by raising and swinging the four legs on which it was mounted.

Clop, clop, clop was the sharp sound the strange creature made as it went along, drawing a contraption as strange as itself—a boxlike affair mounted on round things that rumbled as they turned.

"What is that?" a companion asked of the serious, bespectacled young man who looked on in wide-eyed wonder.

He pondered the question. What could it be?

It couldn't be a dog, says Earl Sparling in the New York *World-Telegram*, "because a dog wouldn't be hitched to a wagon." The young man knew the wagon by the rumbling sound its wheels made on the pavement.

Finally he had to give up. He had no idea what this creature was.

"It is a horse," he was told.

It was the first horse that Earl Musselman, twenty-two, of Allentown, Pennsylvania, had ever seen. He broke out laughing at the way the animal's head bobbed up and down and the way its hind feet moved. "A horse is so funny," Earl said later, according to Mr. Sparling. "I had pictured a horse as swift and graceful. I thought a horse ran like the wind."

International Newsreel photograph

Flowers, Once Only Scent, Now Gain the Glory of Color

Earl was born blind, without pupils in his eyes. He was educated as a blind man, in an institution for the blind at Overbrook, Pennsylvania. He had mastered a dark world. He was, according to the New York *Times*, "able to see shadows and bright colors. Since the bandages were removed, he confessed, he has been getting 'all mixed up' over different shades that he never believed had existed.

"For eight years he has been a student at the Institute for the Blind, and has traveled alone by bus and trolley daily between the school and the home of his uncle, D. W. Laubach, a Philadelphia optometrist.

"At school he has been interested in dramatics. He plays the saxophone, and has broadcast over the radio several times."

It occurred to Dr. G. H. Moore of the Graduate Hospital in Philadelphia, that an operation might give the young man vision. The consent of all concerned was obtained. Two months or more ago the operation was performed. After due time the bandages were removed from his eyes. He could see. Not much at first, but ever increasingly. Six weeks after the operation, the story of it was given to the world.

IN the meantime, Earl Musselman is learning to adjust himself to a new world. For a time he distinguished men from women, because men wear neckties. Mr. Sparling accompanied Earl during part of his first adventures with seeing, and tells the dramatic story in a series of articles.

The first time Earl saw a human face, he was puzzled, we learn as we pursue this account:

He was shown, when he could see that well, the likeness of a human face, an illustration in an advertisement.

"What is that, Earl?"

"Now let's see," said Earl, his eye down close to the magazine. He had to give it up. He had never seen a human face at that time, much less the dot-and-line symbol which the seeing world accepts conventionally as the pictured representation of a face.

They explained that he was looking at a human picture, and he asked, "Is it a lady or a man?" His chief way, even these weeks later, of distinguishing the picture of a man from the picture of a woman is by looking for the tie.

"If there isn't a tie, I know it's a lady."

There were other problems of physiognomy. That first printed face he looked at was a full-face view. Later he was shown another printed face in profile. What was that? He didn't know.

He was completely bewildered when told that that was a human face too. No seeing person can imagine what a shock it was to him to learn that the human face could look so different by a mere change in view-point. How could a face look this way if you looked at it one way, and an entirely different way if you looked at it another way?

Mr. Sparling, sharing this young adventurer's experiences in the "new world" of vision, has found, according to his account, that "to keep him company a part of the way is something like a profound re-education, almost an introduction to the theory of knowledge itself. You can not be with him long without pondering on problems which only the philosophers have worried about in their weighty, unread volumes of speculation." Furthermore:

Learning to see has proved a bewildering experience, a great adventure into a topsy-turvy universe. The Allentown youth, obscure a few weeks ago, the center of nation-wide interest since, is still at it. He is still learning to see.

The operation, kept secret for more than a month, was performed in Philadelphia. The bandages were removed, and there was light on the second day. Out of that glare he has had to create a new mental universe. The droll things that have happened to him in the attempt have been like the things that happened to Alice when she stept through the looking-glass.

For, indeed, he, too, stept through a looking-glass, the mirror that is the human eye, and entered into a world so strange that he scarcely yet has found words to describe it. Size literally means nothing to him, except as measured by the feel of his hands. Size as measured by the eye is beyond him.

"For example," he frowns, "I have trouble telling the difference between a lemon and a grapefruit unless I feel them. They both have the same color."

SOME weeks after the operation he saw some children skipping rope, we read.

"What are those kids doing, Earl?" he was asked.

He didn't know. He had to think back to his past. Later he explained the mental process thus:

"I figured it out," he explains, "by the sound of the rope against the sidewalk. I had heard that sound when I was blind. Slap, slap, slap, like that. The first time I heard it when I was blind, I asked what it was. Some one told me it was little girls skipping rope."

All he knew about a face was what he could feel.

He doesn't know how to put it in words. His primary reactions are fast fading away. He becomes a bit confused and silent when he tries to explain. Someway, because he could feel the whole face with his fingers, it seemed to him once that he should be able also to see it all at once.

He sits with an orange in his hand and tries to explain the difference between knowing it as something only felt—a roundness known completely to the mind, "seen" inwardly as a whole—and knowing it as something seen with the eye, a roundness that doesn't look round at all because the eye can see only a small part of it.

He can't get the differentiation into words. The very idea of the difference confuses him.

Indeed, words themselves are enough of a problem without worrying about things less practical. Like a child, he has had to learn his A B C from a nursery book. He could speak the English language perfectly, but when he first looked at it printed, in the large-lettered newspaper head-lines, he was looking at

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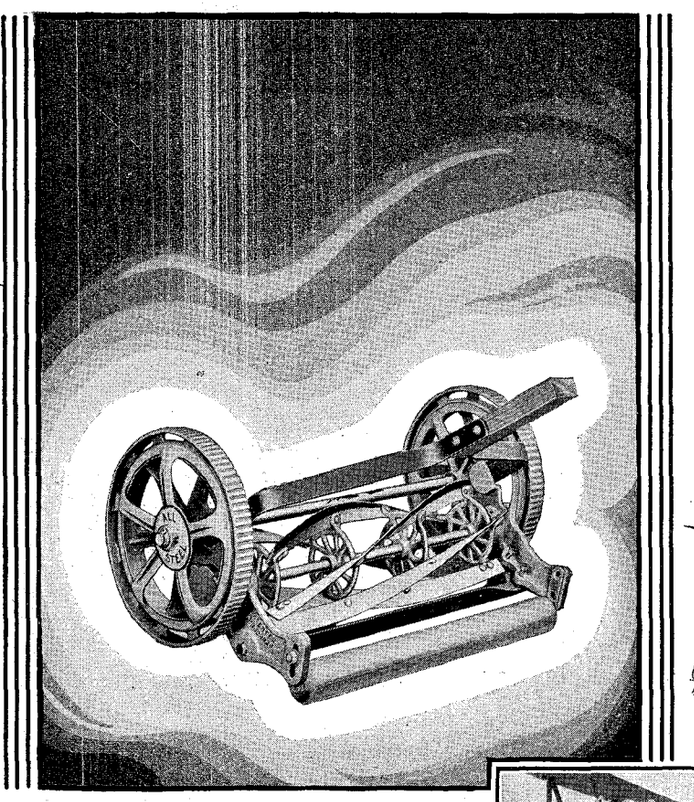
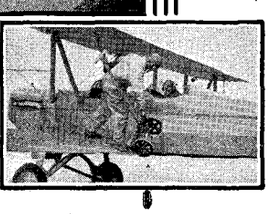


At last the Lifetime Lawn Mower



NOW you can actually have a lawn mower that lasts *a lifetime!* It's the NOVO, *the Unbreakable* Lawn Mower, and it is guaranteed as long as you live! Cleaner cutting. Easier running. Truly quiet operation! *Positively Unbreakable;* made of steel, *cast solid*—not cast iron which is easily broken, and not pressed or stamped from thin sheet metal.

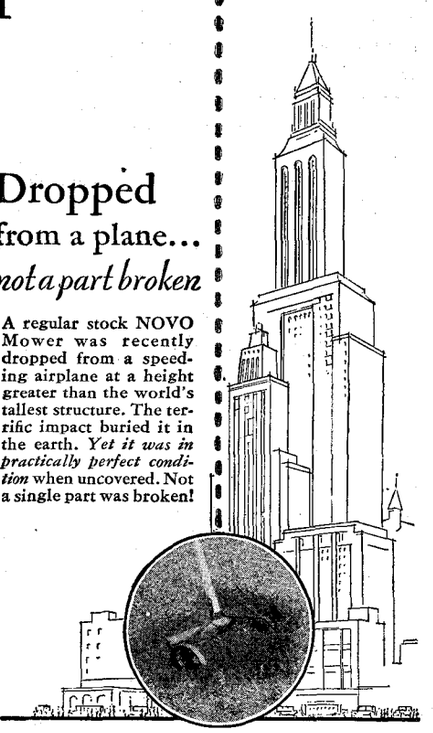
Costs No More Than Most Ordinary Good Mowers

Superfine precision construction throughout: *Five* self-sharpening blades of razor steel. Patented self-adjusting ball bearings. Extra high wheels. Light weight. Weatherproof finish. Every other superior feature found only in highest priced mowers.

See the NOVO *Unbreakable* Lawn Mower at your local store, or write us direct. Tear out and mail coupon below!

Dropped from a plane... not a part broken

A regular stock NOVO Mower was recently dropped from a speeding airplane at a height greater than the world's tallest structure. The terrific impact buried it in the earth. *Yet it was in practically perfect condition* when uncovered. Not a single part was broken!



THE F. & N. LAWN MOWER COMPANY

The World's Largest Lawn Mower Manufacturers

RICHMOND, INDIANA, U. S. A.

novo

THE UNBREAKABLE Lawn Mower

Please send me free booklet, BEAUTIFUL LAWNS, and full particulars on NOVO, the *Unbreakable* Lawn Mower.

Name.....

Address (or P. O. Box).....

City.....

State.....

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meaningless marks. The only letters he knew were those of the Braille alphabet, a code of dots embossed on paper. The written language was something to feel, not to see. The letter "A" was three simple dots that affected the finger-tip, not three intricate lines that affected the eye. A few weeks ago he had to read any printed word letter by letter, then mentally translate it into raised dots, before he could say what the word meant. To-day he can spell half-way through a word and then in a flash pronounce it.

"F-A-C-T. . . . Oh, it's factory."

The leap is so spontaneously happy that you find yourself laughing with him. And thus he goes venturing through a new world.

OTHER phases of his great adventure were related thus by Earl in an interview in *The Times:*

I was particularly struck with vividness and beautiful coloring of flowers. To me they had been soft and fragrant, but just a dull color. I was astonished at the beauty.

Other things were different. I hardly know what I expected, but they were a revelation when I was able to see after the bandages were removed from my eyes.

I think that the greatest moment coming to me will be when I can see the faces of my friends at the school. I have ideas of their appearance from their speech and actions, but I suppose they will be different than I thought. I am so sorry that all of them can not be as fortunate as I was.

During the time I was attending school, I had always hoped to some day regain my sight. I never gave up thinking that the time was coming when I would be able to see things like other fellows.

I want to be a salesman and travel. After one has been shut out from all the sights of the world in which he lives all his life, it is impossible to see enough of the things of which you have heard.

Of course, I can only distinguish large print now, but I hope, and the physicians believe, that within a short time my sight will be normal. Even as things are, I am more than satisfied with my lot.

When Snow Is Red and Frogs Rain

MR. STOKER'S HORSES REARED AND plunged in justified terror. Mr. Stoker was driving across a desert region in Nevada. Up came a thunderstorm. It didn't rain cats and dogs, but it did rain frogs.

Whence did they come? Why did they come? Perhaps we shall learn, and perhaps not.

Charles Fort reports the incident in "Lo!" (Kendall), a compilation of marvelous and "inexplicable" occurrences having the effect of an onslaught on orthodox science. Mr. Fort insists that science can not explain such extraordinary happenings as these, and indulges in many a sly dig at the gentlemen who spend their lives with microscopes and test-tubes.

But others, as we shall see, do not agree with the Fortean thesis. Charles Fitzhugh Talman, who is in charge of the meteorological library at the United States Weather Bureau in Washington, admits in his recent volume, "The Realm of the Air" (Bobbs, Merrill), that there are showers of frogs and fishes, and that red snow sometimes falls. But he has explanations ready for such phenomena.

Quite recently a black, muddy rain was reported from one district in Canada and a red muddy rain from another district. "Dust in the upper air," guessed the wiseacres.

Mr. Fort has more marvels to report—marvels that should turn Mr. "Believe It or Not" Ripley green with envy. Thus:

Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, August 8, 1891—a great shower of fishes, at Seymour, Indiana. They were unknown fishes.

Public Ledger, February 6, 1890—a shower of fishes in Montgomery County, California. "The fishes belong to a species altogether unknown here."

New York *Sun*, May 29, 1892—a shower, at Coalburg, Alabama, of an enormous number of eels that were unknown in Alabama. Somebody said that he knew of such eels in the Pacific Ocean. Piles of them in the streets—people alarmed—farmers coming with carts, and taking them away for fertilizing material.

London *Evening Standard*, January 3, 1924—red objects falling with snow, at Halmstead, Sweden.

They were red worms from one to four inches in length. Thousands of them streaking down with the snowflakes—red ribbons in a shower of confetti—a carnival scene that boosts my discovery that meteorology is a more picturesque science than most persons, including meteorologists, have suspected.

BUT we can go no farther in Mr. Fort's catalog of wonders, altho it is far, far longer than this excerpt would indicate. Now let us turn to Mr. Talman's "The Realm of the Air" to see what he has to say about red snow:

One of the well-known descriptions of red snow is found in Darwin's account of a journey over the Andes. The footsteps of the mules, he states, were stained pale red, as if their hoofs had been slightly bloody, the snow being colored only where it had been thawed very rapidly or had been accidentally crusht.

In July, 1911, some members of the Sierra Club saw a similar phenomenon while tramping over the lofty Vogelsang Pass in the Yosemite National Park. Whenever the hoofs of their pack animals sank into the deep snow, the prints were splotched with red, as if the snow-crust had cut the mules' feet, and the snow had thus been dyed with blood.

Red snow is a great rarity in the United States, so far as anybody knows, tho it is not uncommon in the polar regions, and has often been reported from the Alps and some other mountainous districts abroad. A natural-color photograph of it reproduced a few years ago in *The National Geographic Magazine*, came from the West coast of Greenland, where, in 1819, Sir John Ross discovered the famous Crimson Cliffs, the dark red snow of which lay to a depth of a foot, with white snow beneath. Specimens of melted snow that he brought home were found to owe their color to a minute organism, to which the name *Protococcus nivalis* was given, but which is now called *Sphaerella nivalis*.

It is now known, however, that several minute forms of life besides this one are capable of coloring snow, and the color is not always red. Broad stretches of yellow snow were found on the ice of the Kara Sea by the Arctic expedition of the Duc d'Orleans; green and blue varieties have been encountered elsewhere. Snow colored by dust is another story. Showers of reddish dust blown from the Sahara, to which southern Europe is much subject, explains some cases of red snow in the Alps.

AND as for zoological cloudbursts, Mr. Talman's chronicle, taken in conjunction with Mr. Fort's, makes us wonder if that good old expression, "raining cats and dogs," may not be based on solid fact. Mr. Talman explains such phenomena in this passage:

W. L. McAtee, of the United States Biological Survey, tells of seeing a silk hat lifted from its owner's head and blown over a ten-story building in the city of Washington. The vortex of a tornado or waterspout furnishes the most favorable skyward route for things that belong on the earth or in the water. Objects weighing scores or even hundreds of pounds are lifted by these whirls. Within a mile or so of a tornado, a shower of cartwheels or cook-stoves would not necessarily constitute a prodigy.

A chicken-coop weighing seventy-five pounds has been carried four miles by a tornado, and a church spire seventeen miles. The Danish physicist, Oersted, tells of a waterspout at Christiansö on the Baltic, that emptied the harbor to such an extent that the greater part of the bottom was uncovered, and many cases are known in which waterspouts or tornadoes have completedly drained small ponds.

In such cases quantities of fish and other aquatic creatures are sure to be whirled aloft, and "what goes up must come down." Usually, of course, the falling objects will be widely scattered, and most of them will escape notice, but occasionally a large number will fall at one spot, and their fall will be observed.

The real mystery about rains of fishes is that they are not a great deal more common than existing records indicate them to be. Dr. E. W. Gudger, of the American Museum of Natural History, has for years pursued the hobby of collecting reports of such events from the literature of all ages and countries. Up to December, 1929, he had found records of only seventy-three cases, ranging in date from about 300 to 1928 A. D.

The last-known shower of this kind scattered several hundred small fishes, some alive and some dead, over a cotton-field in North Carolina. In this case the nearest body of water, three-quarters of a mile away, was not known to contain many fish.

Showers of frogs, toads, small reptiles, earthworms, and animals of other kinds have occasionally been reported by eye-witnesses of these events, whose descriptions leave no doubt that the creatures actually fell, and were not merely assumed to have fallen, on account of their sudden appearance in large numbers.

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Waiting for the Stork

Life Publishing Company has graciously permitted this reproduction of William Balfour-Ker's "The Hurry Call," first printed in LIFE, December 3rd, 1904.

THE nation will pay a special honor to its mothers on May tenth. Presents and tokens of family love will make Mother's Day memorable.

But while more than 2,000,000 women passed safely through childbirth last year, 16,000 died. More than 10,000 of these women might have been saved if they had received proper prenatal and maternity care and skilful assistance. What was not done for them, however, can be done for prospective mothers.

The one way and the only way that a woman can escape some of the hazards of motherhood is to consult a doctor skilled in maternity cases immediately after she receives her first message from the stork, promising a most precious gift.

Or if, for financial reasons, she is unable to consult a physician, she will probably find in most progressive communities a Maternity Center where she will be given sympathetic and expert guidance. She may be told that she needs a change of diet, or more rest. She may require immediate medical or surgical care.

Her doctor or the Center will explain the laws of nature which she must obey in order to avoid needless suffering—perhaps tragedy. And she will be given necessary instructions for safeguarding her baby as well as herself.

Every woman who is to become a mother should have an early physical examination, including a blood pressure test and other tests invariably given in the great institutions which are teaching the world how to avoid dangers and anxieties formerly considered inevitable. These institutions have proved that modern scientific attention will reduce the deathrate among mothers more than two-thirds.

The mother-to-be should remain under her doctor's care, or under the guidance of the Maternity Center, until the stork has kept his promise and this happy message can be sent out—"Mother and child are doing well."

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail free, "Information for Expectant Mothers," and a booklet describing the work done at a well-conducted Maternity Center. Ask for Booklets 531-L.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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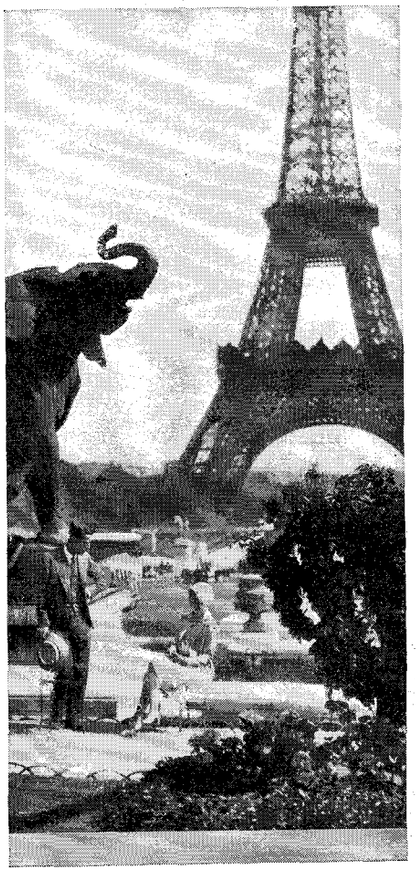
France

Around the World...in Paris

International Overseas Exposition
May to October, 1931

You've never had time for a 'Round the World Cruise? This year, Paris is the-world-in-one! ▼ Climb the steps of a glittering Indo-Chinese Temple...see the Royal Cambodian ballet . . . hear the tiger roar in his native jungle . . . whisk yourself around the corner into the African desert . . . here's a Mehariste on his tall white camel, there's Beau Geste, yonder's a school in Mogador where solemn children drone the Koran all day long ▼ Dip to the equator and watch the blood curdling war dance of the Senegalese . . . see the march of the Gods, priests and priestesses of occult faiths, ceremonials old in magic a thousand years ago ▼ Attend the first Colonial Olympic Games . . . theatres that dazzle with every variation of the world's pageantry . . . watch the *haute couture* filling its nimble brain with a thousand bizarre suggestions for the fashions of '32 . . . dine and dance at restaurants that promise new sensations even for Parisian gourmets ▼ The great Paris itself, that was Lutetia, peopled by the *Parisii* in the time of Julius Caesar; the Paris of Pepin the Short, and of the Plantagenets, of the Louis, and the Philips, and the noble House of Valois; of the House of Bourbon, and of the great Napoleon, and the later Bonapartes . . . think of the untold centuries of human joy and strife, tragedy and jubilation, that have gone into its making, and there will come to you an echo of its warm and human soul ▼ No matter how many times you've crossed... this is a brand new thrill!



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RAILWAYS OF FRANCE

General Representatives

INTERNATIONAL WAGONS-LITS, 701 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y., *OR ANY TOURIST AGENCY*

Gasoline Gipsies of Circus Land

"THIS motor-truck trouping is the McCoy," vowed Andrew Downie.

"I save $300 or more a day on railroad haul," he told Earl Chapin May, who reports the conversation in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine. "We don't have to unload wagons in the railroad yards and horse-pull all our stuff to the lot through the streets, for which the city fathers may demand a special license. When we get to town, we just stop at the lot, unload, set up, give a truck-pony-elephant parade, and welcome the towners."

In other words, the circus is going back to the open road, but with more comfort than it knew in the old days.

First, Mr. May reminds us, circuses were hauled by horses along the muddy unimproved roads of the country. Then the railroad began its day, which still endures, and those public exhibitions, which can be described only with superlatives, moved about on special trains. The mud show had given place to the railroad show.

But now there are concrete highways almost everywhere, and the big motor-truck is in demand for all sorts of transportation enterprises. So, why not move the circuses in gasoline-caravans?

Why not, indeed! When Mr. May visited Mr. Downie on his show-lot, the veteran circus man told the writer of the advantages of trucks, thus:

> On a wet lot like this one—and, you see, it's been raining—if a canvas, pole, or seat-wagon bogs down, our roughnecks just gilly (hand carry) the heavy stuff to the highway; we haul the empty baggage-wagons out by this caterpillar-tractor, reload the wagons, ponies, elephants, and the tractor on trucks—and are ready to start for to-morrow's town.
>
> I got a better bet than that one. You know how many breakfasts you've missed, what with late arrivals and everything? Well, my cook-house crew tears down right after supper, loads, and pulls out for to-morrow's town, sets up—and we never miss a breakfast! When the rest of the show tears down at night, all our people sleep on the lot.
>
> The heavy stuff starts off about daylight, and makes thirty to sixty miles by eight o'clock. About seven, the performers wake up in their houses, wash in their lavatories, step on the gas—and reach the next town all ripe and clean for breakfast.

MR. AND MRS. MAY were guests of two veteran performers, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Enos, of European ancestry. They seemed to manage to make their annual tour a pleasure trip as well as a business affair. For, we read:

> At the rear end of their house-on-wheels were two berths, neatly cretonned. At one side was a clothes-closet with hangers for clothes. In one corner was a lavatory. In another corner was a radio.
>
> "We sleep quietly and comfortably on the lot," said Mrs. Enos modestly. The house was as neat as the well-known pin. My gipsy blood stirred sympathetically. What a glorious life for six months each season, tenting on the old show grounds from Florida to Maine!

As I write these lines, and the 1931 season opens, only five circuses are going out on rails.

There used to be sixteen big ones touring by railroad. Before Barnum's became a railroad show, in 1872, there were fifty mud shows touring America. When the Ringlings went on rails in the early '90s, there were thirty well-equipped circuses hauled across the country by teams.

This season even the Mighty Haag Show—which stuck to mules for motive power through the long period of metamorphosis, and whose two mighty elephants have walked highways in leather shoes from the Gulf Coast to Michigan and return each season—is depending exclusively on trucks and automobiles for the transportation, without which no American circus is possible.

Even the famous Orton family is hauling all its circus paraphernalia, including performing horses and ponderous pachyderms, in trucks.

Thirty-four of these three-ring circuses and menageries are tenting on show grounds this circus day—or will be when it gets a bit warmer. The era of the motorized circus has arrived.

A Life for a String of Beads

THE spurt of flame in the dark alley was followed by the crack of a pistol shot.

Then, we read in the New York *Evening Post*, "a fusillade, a half-dozen guns opening at once. It was like a raiding party caught in No Man's Land and trying to fight its way back to the safety of the lines."

Jack Kofoed, who had gone out to put his car in the garage and had run into this thrilling bit of movie drama in real life, cocked his head "around the corner of the garage, curiosity getting the better of a natural antipathy toward bullets."

A man came running toward him with a limping jerk, since he had been hit in the leg, we are told as we read further into this vivid account of how it feels to come upon such tragedy unawares:

> Once he turned to shoot at the men pursuing him. Then he went on.
>
> At the end of the drive another policeman was lurking, pistol in hand. The fugitive must have guessed it. He was trapt, hemmed in with death. I wonder what desperate thoughts sped through his mind?
>
> Afterward they said he was a three-time loser, and this rap would mean at least twenty years in a steel cage.
>
> The watch-dogs of the law were clamoring at his heels.
>
> The cop in front of him stept out of the shadows and said:
>
> "Stick 'em up!"
>
> The thief didn't stick 'em up. He fired. Missed.
>
> The patrolman shot him pointblank. The thief coughed and turned blindly to his left down the cross-drive.
>
> The firing had suddenly stopt. You just heard the pad of feet on the cement,

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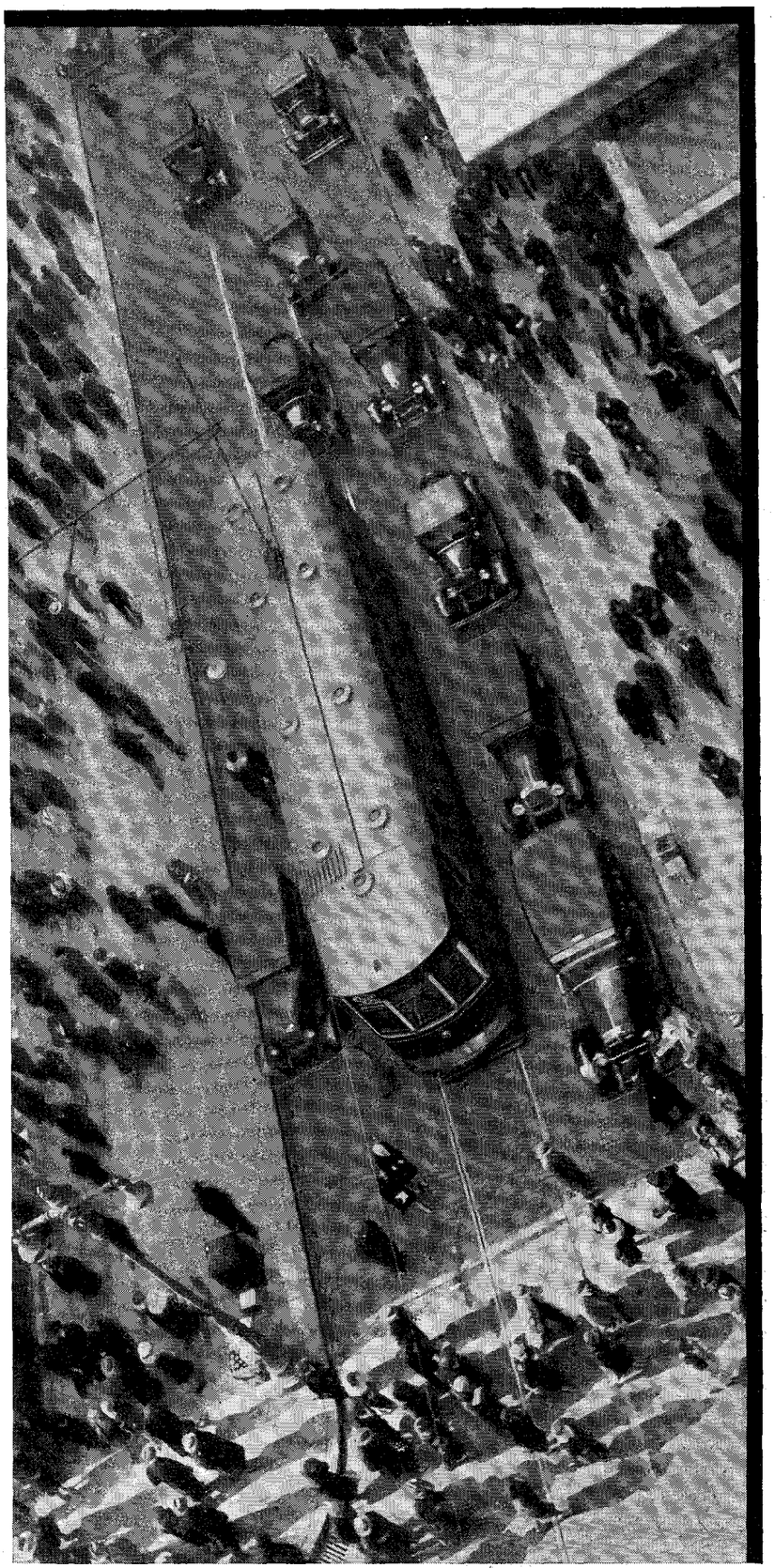
MARKETS ARE people



BACK OF THE CHARTS . . . back of the graphs and maps and tables . . . at the very corner-stone of all commerce and industry, lies the human equation.

Markets are simply people. Charts can tell us how many of them there are, where they live, and approximately how much they have to spend. But no chart can tell us what they are thinking . . . no graph can give us their inward hopes and prejudices, their secret ambitions and desires.

These are things which to a great degree determine the design and sale of modern merchandise. Upon a turn of popular taste . . . upon a slight shift in public favor . . . whole industries may rise or fall. Who wears hatpins today? Who plays the harmonium? What woman is without the once-maligned lipstick? What man does not own a safety razor?

All these changes have occurred in our time, and life is vastly different because of them. Now, at this moment, others are taking place, and tomorrow will see still more of them. So long as human nature is human nature, people will grow tired of things, alter their ideas, and seek ever-new avenues to greater comfort and happiness.

A knowledge of human nature . . . a thorough understanding of, and sympathy with, the thoughts and impulses underlying human behavior . . . is a business asset of incalculable value. And in the well-established advertising agency, familiar as it is with many shades of public thought and feeling, this knowledge has of necessity been developed to a very high point.

In almost any business, human nature is an important factor. Here, if anywhere, is concrete evidence of the practical worth of Alexander Pope's wise observation: "The proper study of mankind is man."

N. W. AYER & SON, INC. Advertising

Washington Square, Philadelphia • New York • Boston • Chicago • San Francisco • Detroit • London

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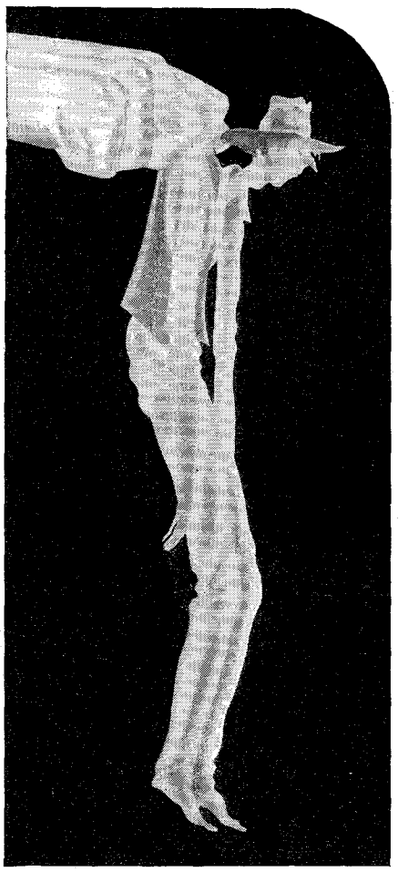
OUT GOES MR. WATER-THIN AND GOOD RIDDANCE!

● LAZY is Mr. Water-thin's middle name. He never did a tap of work in his life. Yet you find him in every gallon of motor oil that is refined by ordinary methods—a full quart of waste oil so light that Quaker State engineers call it "water-thin"—a quart so useless as a motor lubricant that they throw it out of Quaker State!

● But how do they throw it out? The answer to that question is one of the great achievements of the oil industry. Behind it are years of refining experience and skill. Behind it is a vast expenditure of money for special refining equipment—*exclusive* equipment that has but one job to perform, the removal of "water-thin"!

● And by getting that job done, by getting rid of "water-thin," Quaker State is able to give you an *extra quart* in every gallon. For Quaker State replaces every quart of "water-thin" with a quart of rich, full-bodied lubricant. Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon instead of three quarts and a quart of waste. So you really get an *extra quart* of lubricant. You get a motor oil so decidedly superior that the demand for it has made Quaker State the largest selling pure Pennsylvania Oil in the world!

● And here's still another reason why Quaker State is a better lubricant. Every drop of it is refined entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil,—a motor oil so free from impurities that it doesn't



require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of an oil's oiliness.

● One dealer in every four in the United States sells Quaker State Motor Oil. Get Quaker State at the familiar green and white sign. It costs 35c per quart (slightly higher in the West, Southwest and Canada.) By the mile it is the cheapest oil you can buy. For in every gallon you get an *extra* quart of the smoothest, safest lubrication that ever fought friction and defeated heat!

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THERE'S AN EXTRA QUART OF LUBRICATION IN EVERY GALLON

QUAKER STATE
TRADE-MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MOTOR OIL

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

hoarse breathing. Then they caught up with him. He fought like a cornered wharf-rat. There wasn't any chance that he could get away, and he knew it, but he fought, anyway, for a moment.

There was a street lamp close by. I had followed on the heels of the pursuers, and in the thin, yellow light saw the end of the little drama.

The man's face was turned toward me. It was a strong, good-looking face, but the lips writhed back from the teeth and the eyes were those of a badgered wildcat. He had been shot in the chest. There was a blackened hole in the front of his shirt. The blood from a wound in his arm had run down and smeared his hand as he lifted it to defend himself.

The picture lasted only for an instant. Then the police were at him like flies around a sirup-can. There were panted oaths and groans, and the sound of blackjacks on a human skull. Then the little knot of struggling men fell apart. The thief lay unconscious on the cement. He looked as tho he were dying. It didn't seem reasonable to believe he could last very long. He breathed with a high, reedy sound, like a broken whistle.

The uniformed men talked excitedly. Their voices trembled a little. The district detective rapidly frisked the man they had finished, and found little enough. No loot save a string of crystal beads that wasn't worth $10. A life for a string of beads. Looked like a bad exchange.

NEIGHBORS raised windows, looked out, called to each other. This "raw, elemental little drama was unprecedented in that quiet neighborhood."

People "came out timidly and gathered around."

The policeman who had fired the last shot kept saying:

"The lousy bum, suppose he had hit me. What would my three kids have done?" None of the onlookers exprest themselves about the man who seemed to be dying at their feet. They crowded close with morbid curiosity and tried to get a look at his face. Just another casualty in the war between Society and the criminal.

A gong clanged in the street. The wagon! The thief was rolled onto a stretcher and shoved into it. The detectives and the uniformed men, except the patrolman on the beat, climbed in after him.

The bluecoat on the beat developed a sudden new importance. Before this he had been a slightly flat-footed man edging along into middle age, good enough to walk up and down the streets, and see that school children crossed the trolley-tracks in safety. Now he was a soldier who had been under fire. He had a notch on his gun.

The neighbors clustered around, staring awestruck at the blood on the cement. But one by one they drifted away. Silence again fell over the driveway.

We sat down at the bridge-table. There were shaded lamps and a grand piano in the corner, and the soft inflection of women's voices. Five spades, double. Ease and quiet. And I thought of the man-hunt in the driveway, and the cracking guns, and the blackjacks, and the broken body stretched out on the cement, and the cop who wondered what would have happened to his three children had he gone down. It takes that sort of thing to buy ease and quiet for the rest of us.

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Nature Fakes on the Radio

MR. BARKER is quick-witted. The script of the drama being sent over the air from the broadcasting station called for frying an egg. It was necessary, in some way, to counterfeit the sound.

It had long been known, says *The New Yorker*, "that you got the sound of an egg being fried by plunging a hot iron into a pan of water. The man selected to do it this time, however, had procured a plumber's iron, and it seems that a plumber's iron doesn't make the right sound when plunged into water. Anyhow this one didn't, and there they were, right in the middle of the drama, threatened with disaster. Quick as a flash Mr. Barker stept to the microphone and fried an egg with his lips."

The quick-witted Mr. Barker however, "is no good at bird sounds," we are told in this account of the people who specialize in making sound effects for the radio.

One of Mr. Barker's fellow top-notchers in this new profession is Mr. Kelly, of whom we read:

Mr. Kelly was faced one day with the necessity of making a noise into the microphone which would sound like men crashing through underbrush.

He did it at once by squeezing a whiskbroom in his hands.

He was hard put to it, however, for a downpour of rain, and worked a whole afternoon on the problem without success. He stumbled on the solution at lunch next day when he salted a crisp lettuce leaf: it made a swell storm.

Mr. Kelly taps sink-plungers on a hardwood floor to get the sound of horses' hoofs. As for a collision between a truck and a street-car, he whams a stovepipe through a pane of glass and drops several bricks on the floor. Thrills listeners to death.

Perhaps Mr. Kelly's hardest problem was working out something which would make a noise like a dog's tail thumping on the floor. It was Kelly's assistant, a Mr. Sez, who eventually solved that. He put his head very close to the microphone and slapped his temple with his index finger.

"Splendid!" came the tribute from the control-room.

Most animal sounds have to be produced vocally to get an authentic effect, and while Mr. Kelly himself is nobody's fool when it comes to bleating like a sheep or mooing like a cow, he usually calls in Mr. Barker [of fried-egg fame], for an animal impersonation of a difficult nature.

TALKIE studios have their problems, too, as this next *New Yorker* anecdote shows us:

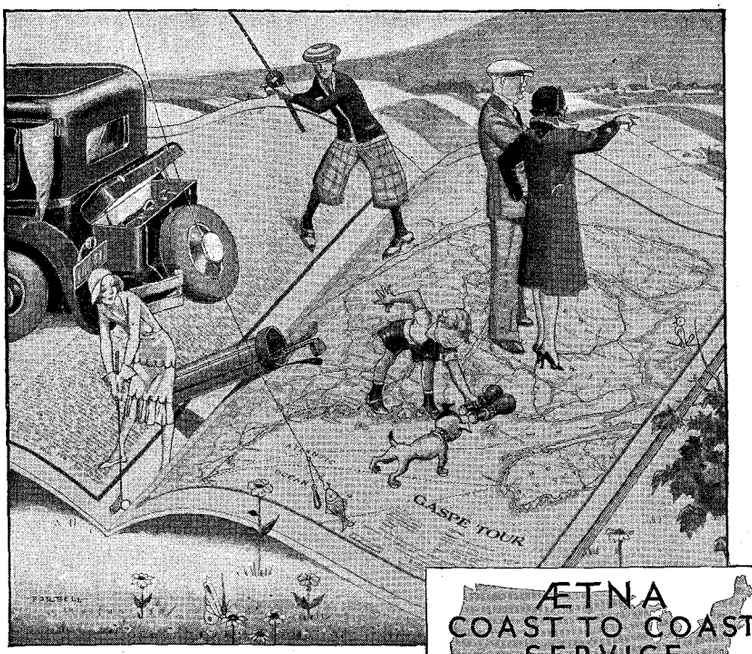
During the filming of a comedy recently, the director wished to get the effect of water being poured out of a barrel onto some boards.

The sound technician was consulted.

They tried dried peas on oiled paper, and that wasn't it, and they tried dropping dressmaker's pins on a taut square of silk, and that wasn't it. Finally a quiet fellow who was standing by said: "Suppose you try pouring water out of a barrel onto some boards."

They tried it.

That was it.



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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Pennant, Pennant, Who'll Get the Pennant?

THE crystal gazers of the sports pages solemnly assure us that Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics and Gabby Street's St. Louis Cardinals are going to repeat their league victories of last year and fight it out for the world's championship in the fall.

Maybe yes; maybe no.

It's all a guessing game, but every one is playing it, for it's still anybody's ball game, with the season of 1931 just getting under way.

There, helping that getting-under-way process, was President Hoover, tossing out Washington's first ball with lots of earnestness—enough to make up for any lack of professional skill.

There was Jimmy Walker, performing a like service in New York. There was Babe Ruth, knocking his first 1931 homer.

There were the leather-lunged mobs, some 250,000 strong, setting a new opening day attendance record at the eight initial games.

There were the arguments over the new ball and what its raised seams, providing a better grip for the pitcher, will mean to such home run artists as Babe Ruth and Hack Wilson.

But most of all, there were the prophets, amateur and professional, telling each other, with genial heat and plenty of gestures, how things are going to stand next fall.

The early season guessing game has been more than usually noticeable this year. Sports editors have turned crystal gazers. Fans have developed into diviners. Prognosticators flourish like the green bay-tree. This will be clear in a minute from the flock of predictions gathered from hither and yon as to the order in which the sixteen teams in the two big leagues will finish the race. But first, a few random reflections.

As the teams embark upon "their quests for the two pennants and the financial rewards of supremacy in their respective leagues, the Philadelphia Athletics, champions of the world for the last two seasons, again are favored to come in first in the American League race," Rud Rennie tells us in the New York *Herald Tribune*, and continues:

The St. Louis Cardinals are picked to win the National League pennant. They won it last season, and are the league champions.

The race in the National League should stir the public pulse. There are five good teams in this league—the Cardinals, the Chicago Cubs, the Brooklyn Robins, the New York Giants, and the Pittsburgh Pirates.

Every baseball fan recollects the stirring struggle of the Cardinals, the Robins, the Cubs, and the Giants in the closing days of last year's season. This year the race should be even closer, and the struggle

Sock It!
—Chisebel in the Washington "Post."

even more stirring. There is strength in every one of the five aforementioned teams. Any one of them may win the pennant.

The American League race promises no such stirring events, yet it should be keen enough. Three teams are considered as possible winners—the A's, the Senators, and the Yankees. A dark horse may ride upon the horizon, as it did last season, when the Senators surprized every one, and finished second. If so, the Detroit Tigers may be the dusky quadruped this season.

The leagues will use a new style of baseball—a ball with heavier stitching, calculated to increase the effectiveness of pitchers. There will be no more sacrifice flies.

And home runs will be judged in both leagues at their point of departure from the playing field.

And speaking of home runs, there will, of course, be races to watch among the hitters.

Babe Ruth, the great man of baseball, has announced his intention of breaking his home run record.

In the American League, Ruth and Lou Gehrig, of the Yankees, and Simmons, Foxx and Cochrane, of the A's, may be counted upon to perform interestingly with their bats.

There are more sluggers in the National League—Bill Terry and Melvin Ott, of the Giants; Berger, of the Braves; Chuck

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Klein, of the Phillies; the Waners, of Pittsburgh; Hack Wilson, Kiki Cuyler and Rogers Hornsby, of the Cubs; Frank Frisch and Chick Hafey, of the Cardinals; and Babe Herman and Frank O'Doul, of the Robins. It will be interesting to see how they fare with the new ball in the hands of more or less competent pitchers.

Three teams have new managers. In the big commotion last winter, Joe McCarthy was released as manager of the Chicago Cubs, and Bob Shawkey was let out as manager of the Yankees. Eventually, Rogers Hornsby was elevated to McCarthy's position as manager of the Cubs, and the Yankees signed McCarthy in place of Shawkey. In Boston, the Red Sox dropt Charles (Heinie) Wagner and took on John "Shano" Collins.

But to return to the all-important matter of how the teams will finish. Let us first introduce the all-star cast of prophets who do our forecasting for us.

There's Daniel, the veteran seer of the New York *World-Telegram*, and there's Fred Lieb, the equally veteran seer of the New York *Evening Post*, who can point with pride to fourteen correct guesses out of a possible twenty during the past ten years. There's Edgar Forest Wolfe doing the honors in *Sport Story Magazine*, and James M. Gould risking his reputation in *The Baseball Magazine*. Finally, Bill Corum tells us in the New York *Evening Journal* what he sees as he looks into his crystal, and William Braucher performs a like hazardous service for Newspaper Enterprise Association.

And, to waste no more time about it, here are the American League forecasts of this intrepid half dozen:

Braucher—Washington, Philadelphia, Cleveland, New York, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston.

Corum—Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Chicago, Boston.

Gould—Philadelphia, Washington, Cleveland, Detroit, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston.

Wolfe—New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston.

Lieb—Philadelphia, Washington, New York, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston.

Daniel—Philadelphia, New York, Washington, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston.

And now come the National League predictions:

Braucher—Brooklyn, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati.

Corum—Brooklyn, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati.

Gould—St. Louis or Chicago, Chicago or St. Louis, Pittsburgh, New York, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Boston, Philadelphia.

Wolfe—St. Louis, Brooklyn, New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Boston, Philadelphia.

Lieb—St. Louis, Brooklyn, New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Boston, Cincinnati, Philadelphia.

Daniel—St. Louis, New York, Chicago,

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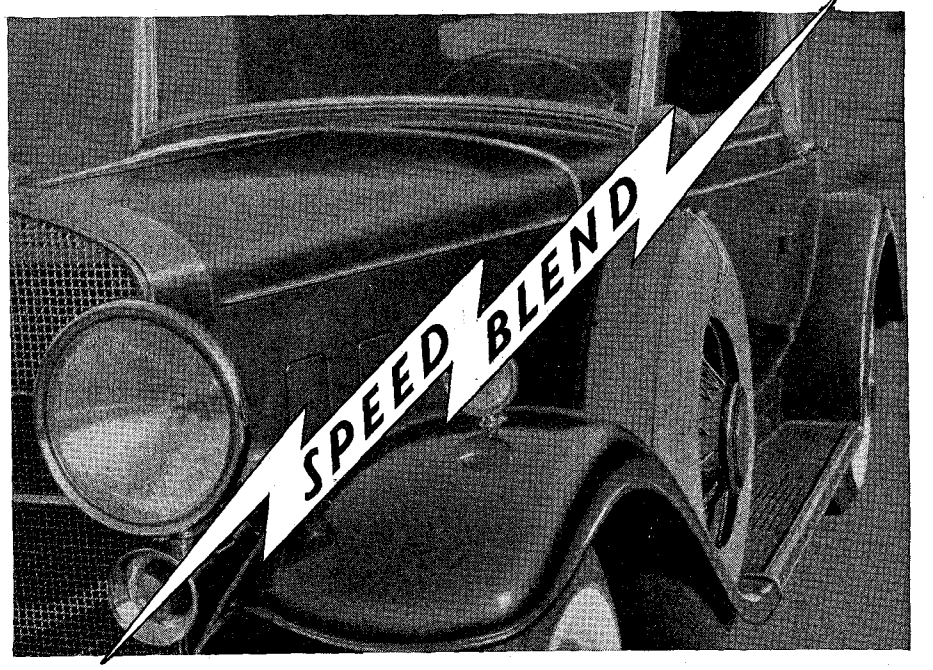

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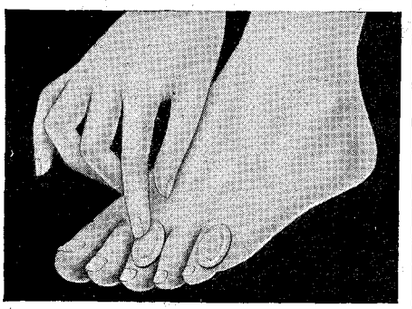

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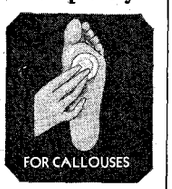

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We should like nothing better than to go on from this point and make a consensus of these predictions, emerging with a sort of superguess as to what will happen. But it is impossible. Any such boiled-down end-of-the-season standing would be so full of qualifications as to be meaningless. Mr. Gould's caution about first and second places in the National League spoils matters, if nothing else does. Such a consensus, in addition, would end with Philadelphia winning both first and second places in the American League—a neat trick, but rather difficult to achieve. So we'd better not try anything of the sort.

Certain things do stand out in a study of these tables, however. A majority of selectors agree on Philadelphia and St. Louis to lead the Americans and Nationals respectively. In the American League the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth places go to Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and Boston without much argument. Similarly, in the National League, New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Boston, and Philadelphia win places three to seven, inclusive; and Philadelphia has the added distinction of tying with Cincinnati for last place.

And that's that.

But there are other matters to stir the ardent fan. Chief among them, perhaps, is the question of the new ball, which threatens to bring about a slump in the home run industry, which has thrived so mightily the past few years and made Babe Ruth a figure surpassing almost all others in the country.

C. William Duncan has been around interviewing some diamond stars about the ball, and presents his findings in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Magazine. First of all he states just how the new ball differs from the old one, telling us:

The new ball, which has caused such wide-spread comment, does not differ greatly from the type used for the last decade. The cork center, which produces the rabbit effect, remains. On the surface, however, the seams are raised and widened slightly, giving the pitcher a chance for a better grip on the ball. This is the change which has provoked so much speculation, as many argue the veteran pitcher will take a new lease on life and consistently turn in the one-, two- and three-hit shutouts which made men like Mathewson, Walsh, Johnson, and Plank famous in the old days.

I talked it over with the three big offensive guns of the World Champion Athletics, Cochrane, Simmons, and Foxx.

Each one had a different opinion as to the effect of the ball on the game.

"The new ball, in my opinion, means the end of the .400 hitter, and also the passing of the fifty-five and sixty home-run hitter," said Cochrane. "The pitcher hasn't had much of a break for years, but he's getting one this year.

"There won't be a .400 or .390 hitter in

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the league, and maybe not even a .380 hitter this season. In our league I'd love to hit around .360 or even .355. I'll bet I'd lead the circuit."

Simmons doesn't look for as radical a change as Cochrane does.

"I had an ambition to lead our league in runs driven in," says Al. "I got there in 1929.

"I also wanted to be the champion batter in the American, and managed to win from Lou Gehrig last season after being nosed out the last day by Heilmann in 1927 and Fonseca in 1929. So that was another ambition realized.

"Now I'd like to hit .430 and establish a mark for all others to shoot at, but that doesn't seem possible with the change in the ball and the passing of the sacrifice fly.

"I think the change in the rule will do our averages more harm than the change in the ball."

Jimmy Foxx thinks the new ball is going to help him.

He likes to swing at a curve ball, and reasons that the curve expert will come into his own this season.

THE veteran pitchers, too, are "anxiously waiting their chances to try out the new ball in actual league competition," Mr. Duncan remarks as his account runs on:

"I expect to have a good year because the new ball enables me to get a firmer grip for my knuckle ball," says Jess Haines, veteran star of the St. Louis Cardinals' pitching staff.

"But I don't expect the new ball to bring back the pitching of twenty years ago. The ball is as lively as ever and the breaks are still with the batter, who can call for inspection by the umpire at any time.

"I think the raised stitches will help us some, but not enough to allow any one to win as many as thirty games."

Walter Johnson, one of the greatest right-handers in baseball history, thinks all the talk about the new ball is "the bunk." After holding only two practices Johnson came to the conclusion that the magnates were kidding the pitchers when they announced a change would be made in the manufacture of the new ball during the coming season.

"I have an idea the talk of the new ball was started simply to bolster the morale of the pitchers," he said. "They took an awful beating from the batters last season, you know."

NATIONAL League teams are likely to divide themselves into groups on the basis of local or sectional rivalry, in the opinion of John B. Foster, who presents the following preview of the season in Consolidated Press dispatches:

The St. Louis Cardinals and the Chicago Cubs will be inevitable rivals. The next obviously local pairing off of rivals is that of New York and Brooklyn. Pittsburgh is a rival of all of them, and will be ready to move up into the place of any one of them that falters. Boston, a stormy petrel in more ways than one, is an unknown quantity in this race. Philadelphia and Cincinnati are grouped together.

And the American League race, Mr. Foster sagely concludes, "will be seven teams against the Philadelphia Athletics."

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"IT is now well over a year since the American stock buyer hitched his wagon to the star of the fixed investment trust."

So begins Mr. John F. Fowler, Jr., writing in *The Financial World* one of the many current articles on the enormous recent development of this new investment medium.

Certainly the investment trusts are multiplying. It is guessed that there are 150 of them, that their securities are probably held by 250,000 investors, and that they sold $400,000,000 worth of their certificates in 1930, making a present total of probably $600,000,000—which compares with $4,000,000,000 invested in so-called management trusts.

Now to understand a fixed trust, we have to remember that it is just one kind of investment trust—and investment trusts are now flourishing in a variety of forms. An investment trust takes the investors' money and buys securities with it. The management type takes the capital thus acquired, and goes into the market, buying securities and either holding for a rise or selling to make a profit. The investor gets his profit through the income on his investment-trust securities or through the increase in value of those securities.

But the fixed trust eliminates the idea of financial management, selling certificates which represent ownership in a fixed group of stocks.

Very widely it is pointed out that the fixed trust enables the investor to carry his investment load easily, and yet not have all the eggs in one basket. And John A. Crone tells us in a Consolidated Press dispatch that "the fixed trust primarily is based on the investment idea of locking securities in a vault and throwing away the key."

The fixed trust is really nothing more than a trust fund, explains Marvin C. Greener, a Chicago banker, in *The Bankers' Monthly* (Chicago):

A depositor-corporation buys certain stocks; deposits them with a trust company, which issues against the deposited stocks shares of beneficial interest; these in turn are sold to the public.

The trustee agrees to hold the deposited stocks for the benefit of the shareholders, and to administer the "trust fund" in accordance with certain definite methods of procedure, as defined in a trust agreement, sometimes referred to as a trust indenture.

Fixed trusts contain anywhere from one to several hundred shares of stock in from twenty-five to seventy-seven outstanding corporations, usually all of the so-called "blue-chip" stocks. There are some trusts which confine their portfolios to one class of industry, such as public utilities, bank shares, and others.

The general practise is to diversify in four major groups: namely, railroads, oils, industrials, and utilities. The depositor-corporation buys these shares and makes delivery to a trust company which has been selected to act as trustee. Against these shares, called a unit, the trustee issues anywhere from 500 to 50,000 trust shares, certifying that each share represents a fractional beneficial interest in the deposited shares.

The price at which trust shares are sold is determined by calculating the last sale value of the shares of deposited stocks, to which is added brokerage, the trustee's fees, and a reasonable per cent. to cover the cost of operation by the depositor-corporation, and to provide a profit to distributing dealers.

FIXED trusts are of two general types, we read in the course of a comprehensive article in the Chicago *Economist:*

Distributive, designed to afford the maximum possible current return; and cumulative, designed to afford the maximum capital accumulation.

In the first class, stock dividends and split-ups are sold and the proceeds, together with amounts realized through elimination of stocks, are distributed to the shareholders.

In the cumulative type, these proceeds are for the most part retained in the trust.

In the distributive type, the dividends received by the shareholders represent to a greater or less extent, a return of capital. Generally, provision is made for the reinvestment of such dividends at a discount from the current asked price.

AND why are fixed trusts popular? Howard Wayne Elliott attempts to answer this question in the current issue of *The Great Lakes Banker* (Chicago), published by the Illinois Bankers Association:

Investors have taken to the fixed trusts rapidly, first, because fixed trusts are simple, easy to understand, and based on investment ideas proved sound; second, because they fit in perfectly with the state of mind of so many investors to-day.

In recent years thousands of people who formerly invested their surplus in bonds and mortgages have become interested in common stocks, not necessarily from the standpoint of speculation, but, to a considerable extent, as long-term investments.

The published results of the theoretical and practical tests showing that well-chosen lists of common stocks held for a term of years are likely to yield excellent results, both as to security of principal and generous return, have influenced many to put a part of their funds, at least, into a group of stocks through the medium of the fixed trust.

The disastrous crash in stock values in 1929 did not destroy the new faith in stock investments so much as it made people realize how necessary are adequate diversification, choice of strong, dividend-paying companies, and outright ownership of securities.

Then came the fixed trusts into prominence, appealing to investors as the ideal means of making stock investments and putting into practise the new principles they had learned.

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In describing this investment medium, the Alexander Hamilton Institute's *Investment Bulletin* points out that:

The fixed trust offers the nearest approach to certainty of income which is possible for other than bonds and preferred stocks, altho it can not, in the nature of things, assure a dividend at any given rate. Moreover, because of the diversification, the receipt of some income is perhaps more certain than with any, except high-grade and the stronger second-grade investments.

With its rigid portfolio, the fixed trust offers no opportunity for a shareholder to benefit from astute management in shifting parts of the investment fund, or liquidating when the time is propitious. Per contra he can not suffer from poor management. The management from which the fixed-trust share investor may benefit is that of the officers and directors of the corporations which make up the portfolio.

He gains from the slow, non-spectacular growth of industry.

The fixed-trust shareholder is sure of one more matter—the make-up of his trust's portfolio. It is fixed and either subject to no change or to change within narrow and ascertainable limits. It can not be used as a dumping ground for securities which have not found a ready outside market.

A FEW basic facts are set down in a New York *Evening Post* article by Dean Langmuir, an investment-trust authority:

In the first place, the man who buys a fixed-trust share does not, as in the case of the management-type investment trust, buy the stock of a corporation which stands as an intermediary between himself and the securities in which he is interested. The owner of a fixed-trust share does not own stock in a fixed-trust company, but a definite pro-rata interest in securities held in trust for him by a representative banking institution.

Twice a year the investor receives from the trustee, in the form of a single payment, the aggregate distributions received during the period from all of the securities.

By making one payment, the investor, with one or two thousand dollars or less, gets the benefit of the millionaire's diversification.

Moreover, the continual flow of small dividend checks, proxies, rights, etc., pertaining to several dozen securities, are taken care of for the investor by a responsible trustee.

These services for the fixed-trust shareholders involve a service charge which usually amounts for the life of the fixed trust to 10 per cent., or less, on the original investment, but this compensation becomes a very minor consideration, when the securities are held for a decade or more.

THE trouble with most investors in stocks is that they are tempted to trade in and out of the market. But, continues Mr. Langmuir:

The investor in a fixed trust, who acquires an interest in two or three dozen corporations, foreswears at the outset the possibility of huge and rapid speculative profits. His profit is perhaps small compared with the profits which the speculator expects to realize from changing around his investments at frequent intervals; but after all, appreciation of 10 per cent. a year

1931 *proves the value of a* RESERVE FUND

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Illinois Central
Louisville & Nashville
New York Central
Pennsylvania Railroad
Southern Pacific
Union Pacific

Oils

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Standard Oil (Indiana)
Standard Oil (New Jersey)
Standard Oil of New York
Texas Corporation

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THIS year, because of depressed business conditions, holders of Corporate Trust Shares may experience a practical, yet gratifying demonstration of the value of a cash reserve fund in a fixed investment trust.

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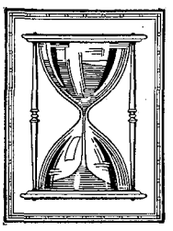

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EMILY POST says: "Dr. Shaw has marvellously succeeded in clarifying the true meaning of culture. To many the book will open an hitherto locked door."

means a doubling of the principal at the end of seven years.

ANOTHER development lying behind the growing interest in the fixed trust, we read in *The Economist* (Chicago), is "the belief that the bottom of the stock-market decline has been reached, and that the next major investment in securities will be upward." And in this connection it is pointed out that several short-term fixed trusts have lately been set up "to operate from two to five years, as compared to the usual twenty years for most fixed trusts, the avowed purpose being to enable the shareholder to benefit from the anticipated appreciation in stock values."

In one of a series of articles in *Barron's Weekly*, Mr. Ernest T. Clough takes up the criticisms of the fixed trusts. Some critics, we are reminded, "scoff at the idea of attempting to pick thirty common stocks which will prove unusually profitable over a period of years if undisturbed." They even declare that there are times when "blue chips change color." But the advocates of fixed trusts are said to minimize the value of such an argument:

They retort that the industrial position of the United States was not such as to justify the formation of a fixed trust until a few years ago; that during the past decade our industries have acquired a wealth of experience which makes for little resemblance between 1930 and 1920.

Technical knowledge has grown enormously, and research facilities have broadened. In their opinion, the huge and powerful corporate leaders in the basic industries now justify the formation of fixed portfolios of equities for a period of twenty years ahead, whereas even ten years ago, the idea could not have been thought of.

The Old Man's Wall-Street Comeback

ONE big change that has come over the face of things financially in the last year or so is a revival of respect for the man of mature years and judgment.

The point was made recently at a conference of bankers in Washington by Mr. C. E. Talman, a Richmond banker. As indirectly quoted in the Washington *Star*, Mr. Talman said that:

During the wild 1929 speculation in Wall Street, a man over forty years old could hardly find a job.

Only young men were given the new positions, brokers who were out to get rich in a year or two, even if they violated every principle of sound finance.

Along came the break.

It caused a complete reversal of Wall Street's estimate of the man over forty years old. In everybody's estimation he advanced 100 per cent. Wall Street decided that, after all, the financial district could not get along without the sounder judgment, broader experience, and needed conservatism of the older men.

The past year has made men under forty only too glad to take the advice of men above that age. It has put conservatism and experience back on the throne.

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Bond Buyers Shift to Utilities

WORLD investors in American bonds have been shifting recently from railroad to utility bonds, notes Paul Willard Garrett, financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*. In consequence of this, railroad bonds have been coming down in price, reflecting the smaller demand, while bonds of public-utility corporations have been going up with the increased buying. As Mr. Garrett explains the situation:

Down through the years American railroad bonds have been the favorite investment instrumentality everywhere for conservative institutions and individuals. For these premier obligations, investors were willing to pay a fancy price. Separate our corporate bonds into classes and you will find that everything else being equal investors always paid more for railroad bonds than for public utilities, and more for public utilities than industrials.

Sometime ago the popularity of the rails began to wane, and that of utilities to grow. But the price tag on the typical railroad bond has been consistently higher than that on the utility bond.

Through a steady fall in railroad bonds in the last two months, and a simultaneous rise in utility bonds, this historic gap between the two has been finally eliminated. You may now purchase in the open market a group of representative railroad obligations as cheaply as a corresponding list of utilities. Or, to put it the other way around, you must now pay as much for a utility bond as a railroad issue.

Now this unprecedented reversal in the market for railroad bonds doesn't mean that our investment in railroad obligations in this country is in jeopardy. No, indeed, says Mr. Garrett, investors are not abandoning railroad bonds. They are simply discriminating intelligently. The shift merely "indicates that the time has passed when investors will pay a fancy price for a bond simply for the satisfaction of knowing that it is backed by a railroad"—

Instead they have come to regard railroad and utility bonds in the same category.

Lucky Telephone Numbers in Japan

THERE is a regular business in Japan of selling telephone numbers. If any Japanese telephone subscriber has drawn a number which he considers unlucky, or dislikes, all he has to do is to go to a broker who trades in numbers, and then he can buy a new one. At least such is the information passed on to us by *The Wall Street Journal*, which continues:

Certain numbers are considered lucky, and these bring large prices, often from $500 to more than $3,000, depending on the desirability of the number as an omen of good fortune. Eight is considered the luckiest number of all, and 357 is extremely popular. On the other hand, some numbers are considered unlucky, 42 being the worst, because it signifies death; 49 also is undesirable. For this reason, the unpopular numbers are assigned to police stations.

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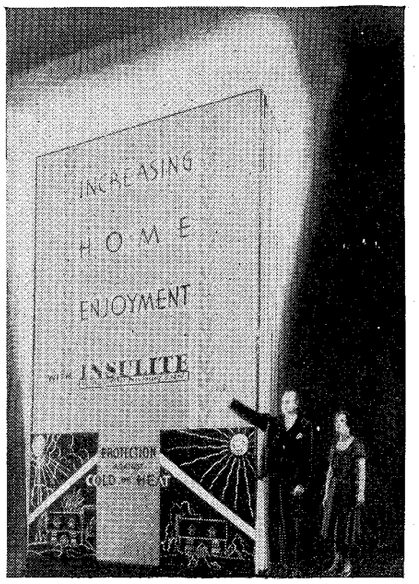

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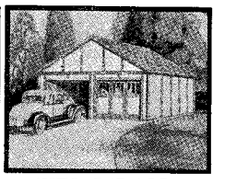

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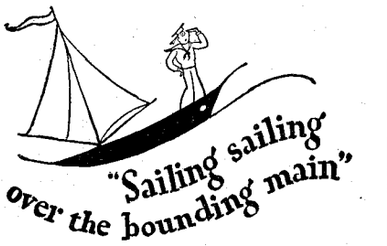

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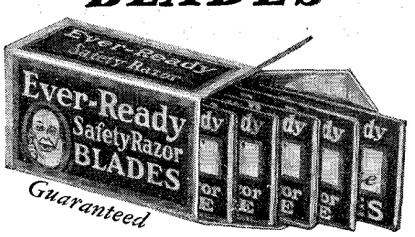

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Pass the Megaphone.—TESS—"You can't believe everything you hear."

BESS—"No; but you can repeat it."—*Answers (London).*

Ask Dad, He Knows.—"The husband ought to have a voice in the furnishing of the home," says a woman writer.

Oh, but he does—the invoice.—*Boston Transcript.*

No Hard Feelings.—LADY—"Have you ever been offered work?"

TRAMP—"Only once, madam. Aside from that, I've met with nothing but kindness."—*Hudson Star.*

Others Touch and Touch Again.—"What a lot of friends we lose through their borrowing money from us."

"Yes, it is touch and go with most of them."—*Boston Transcript.*

Checking Up on Ma.—MOTHER—"Why are you reading that book on the education of children?"

SON—"To see if you are bringing me up properly."—*Utica Press.*

On the Way to Twin Cemeteries.—"Are the Blanks getting along any better than they used to?"

"Worse. They have twin pews in church now."—*Boston Transcript.*

Chicken Feed.—FLORIDAN (picking up a melon)—"Is this the largest apple you can grow in your State?"

CALIFORNIAN—"Stop fingering that grape."—*Royal Arcanum Bulletin.*

Giving the Missus the Lowdown.—MRS. BROWN (with newspaper)—"John, it refers here to some gunmen taking a man for a ride. What kind of a ride?"

BROWN—"A slay ride, my dear."—*Boston Transcript.*

Ask Its Best Friends.—DINER—"What sort of pudding is this?"

WAITRESS—"We call it college pudding, sir. Like it?"

"No. I'm afraid there's an egg in it that ought to have been expelled."—*Stray Bits.*

As Good as in the Bank.—MOTHER—"John, the baby has swallowed a cent. What on earth shall I do?"

MR. CLOSE.—"Oh, well, let him keep it. Next Friday is his birthday anyway."—*Boston Transcript.*

Rousing Entertainment.—"I've solved the mystery of what a hotel means when it advertises 'rooms $1 and up.'"

"What is it?"

"I got one of the dollar rooms and was up all night."—*Chicago News.*

Path of Least Resistance.—"When I was twenty I made up my mind to get rich."

"But you never became rich."

"No, I decided it was a lot easier to change my mind."—*Boston Transcript.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Spring Fever.—Hurry! Women's Apparel as much as 2-3 off.—*Ad in the Arkansas Gazette.*

Whoopee!—A goodly number of Jax folks will attend to trip the light fantastic.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) American.*

Light in Darkness.—Sunshine and moderately cool weather are promised San Antonians for Monday night.—*San Antonio Light.*

Facts for the Milky Way.—Mailed copies are carefully wrapt and promptly forwarded to all parts of the universe.—*The World Almanac.*

Making Him Curl.—Harry A——, Sr., was sentenced to six months in the House of Correction this week for wife beating. A—— has been a stormy pretzel for some time.—*Snow Hill (Md.) paper.*

Hot Pups.—

FOODS AND BEVERAGES

Apples—$1 per basket and up; also rat terrier puppies.

—*Dayton (Ohio) Evening Herald.*

Been Reducing.—Q. How tall is President Hoover and how much does he weigh?

A. He is five feet, eleven and one-half inches tall, and weighs about 15 pounds.—*Hoboken Observer.*

Hollywood Edition.—

Dolores Del Rio in the Romantic Story of
"EVANGELINE"
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's
Immoral Love Epic

—*Morgantown (W. Va.) paper.*

Lady Nebuchadnezzar.—Among the first to enter was Mrs. Clara ——, lone woman passenger. Slowly her nose was turned around to face in a southwesterly direction, and away from the hangar doors. Then, like some strange beast, she crawled along the grass.—*California Paper.*

Knocking Literature Silly.—Suddenly, apparently to the surprize of the others, the open palm of Dreiser's hand swung out, striking LeLwLis sharply on the cheek. Then he struck gain.

"I didn't strike back," Lewis said, "because unfortunately some one standing behind me grabbed my arm. ,e——n. e- shrdl cmfwy vbgkq xzfifl—*Unindentified clipping.*

For a Bad Spell.—Containing these natural tonic medicines in good preparation, this is the most preasant and offcucious medicine for ladies, children and all men to develope their physical strength.

You, even not ill of wasting disease or nervous debility, will easily find yourself the true virtue of this wine, by constantly taking a cup every morning, in these points: in supplying blood, having a liveliness brain, etc.—*From a wine label forwarded by a Spice of Life fan in Korea.*

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

at (the) long last.—"E. E.," Tiffin, Ohio.—The phrase, *at long last* or *at the long last*, means, "at the end of all, finally, ultimately." The word *last* here may be associated with *last*, meaning, "continuance, duration, power of holding on or out." The phrase is now rare, but it has been in English literature since 1523, when it was used by Skelton. L'Estrange used it in 1692; Carlyle, in his "Frederick the Great," in 1864; and Lowell, in "My Study Windows," in 1870.

etheling.—"D. K.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—The word *etheling* is the same as *atheling* or *ætheling*. It is composed of the Old English *æthel*, "noble family," plus *-ing*, "belonging to." It was the name given to a member of a noble family, a prince, lord, or baron. Later, in historical writing, it is often restricted to a prince of the royal blood, or even to the heir apparent to the throne. In Old English poetry the plural is often used for "men" in the sense of the Latin *viri*. It has been in English literature since about the year 1000, but since the fourteenth century it has been used only as a historical term.

hobo.—"P. J. M.," Laredo, Tex.—The NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY defines the word *hobo*, "an idle, shiftless, wandering workman, ranking scarcely more than a tramp." In general he is not dishonest, for he lives largely by begging and not by stealing. A tramp that steals is called a *yegg*. The tramp's name for himself is *hobo*. The plural is *hoboes*.

inasmuch; in so far.—"A. M.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—The word *inasmuch* is in good usage and should be written as one word. Originally it was three words, and later it was occasionally written as two words—*in asmuch*. But, since the seventeenth century it has been written as one word. Wyclif, as early as 1380, used *inasmyche* as one word, but Tyndale, in his translation of the famous verse of the Bible, "*Inasmuch* as ye have done it, etc.," used the phrase as separate words, "*in as moche*." (1526.) *In so far* should not be written as one word. It has always been three words in literature.

list.—"L. C. M.," San Francisco, Calif.—The word *listed* as used in the sentence, "We are enclosing a (one) certificate of stock as *listed* below," is incorrect. A *list* "includes a number of items, names, as on a slip of paper or catalog, a roll or an index." This use of the word *list* should not be confused with *listing* stocks on the Stock Exchange, meaning "putting stocks on the list." One *stock* may be *listed* on the Exchange.

mighty.—"L. B.," Asheboro, N. C.—*Mighty*, as an adverb equal to *very*, has been in our language since 1300. While formerly it was in good usage, to-day it is colloquial and almost vulgar. It is found in English literature, but generally only in reproductions of colloquial or familiar speech. It often has an ironical implication.

on, with.—"C. M.," New York City.—The use of *on* for *with* is obsolete and inelegant.

pirn.—"J. G.," Desloge, Mo.—This is a Scotch word used to designate a reel or bobbin on which yarn or thread is wound. It is the bobbin of a shuttle. The word is used also to designate (1) the yarn that is wound about the pirns; (2) a reel of cotton; (3) the reel of a fishing-rod; (4) a wheel, and (5) an ill-turn or unfriendly act. A *pirn-cap* is a wooden dish used by weavers for holding their quills or reeds round which the yarn was wound.

The word is of respectable age, for we find it was in use as far back as 1440. The term occurs frequently in Scottish literature, and in chapter 6 of Scott's "Antiquary," you will find a reference to it. *Promptorium Parvulorum*, an English-Latin Dictionary compiled by one of the Dominican Friars of Bishop's Lynn, contains the first reference to it that we have. This work was begun about the year 1440.

The origin of the term is unknown. Some persons have claimed a connection between *pirn* and *preen*, but the two words have been kept distinct, and there is no reason for this assumption, which is merely another of the many guesses made by etymologists who theorize in the derivation of English words.

rob Peter to clothe, give to, or pay Paul.—"A. M. W.," Hazleton, Pa.—This expression means "to take or borrow money from one to give or pay to another." There is no connection between this saying and the abbey church of St. Peter, Westminster, in relation with St. Paul's Cathedral, London, as suggested by Brewer. The first literary use of the expression occurs in the "Selected Works" of Wyclif (Vol. III., p. 174), dated 1380: "Lord, hou schulde God approve that thou *robbe Petur and gif* this robbere *to Poule* in the name of Christ?"

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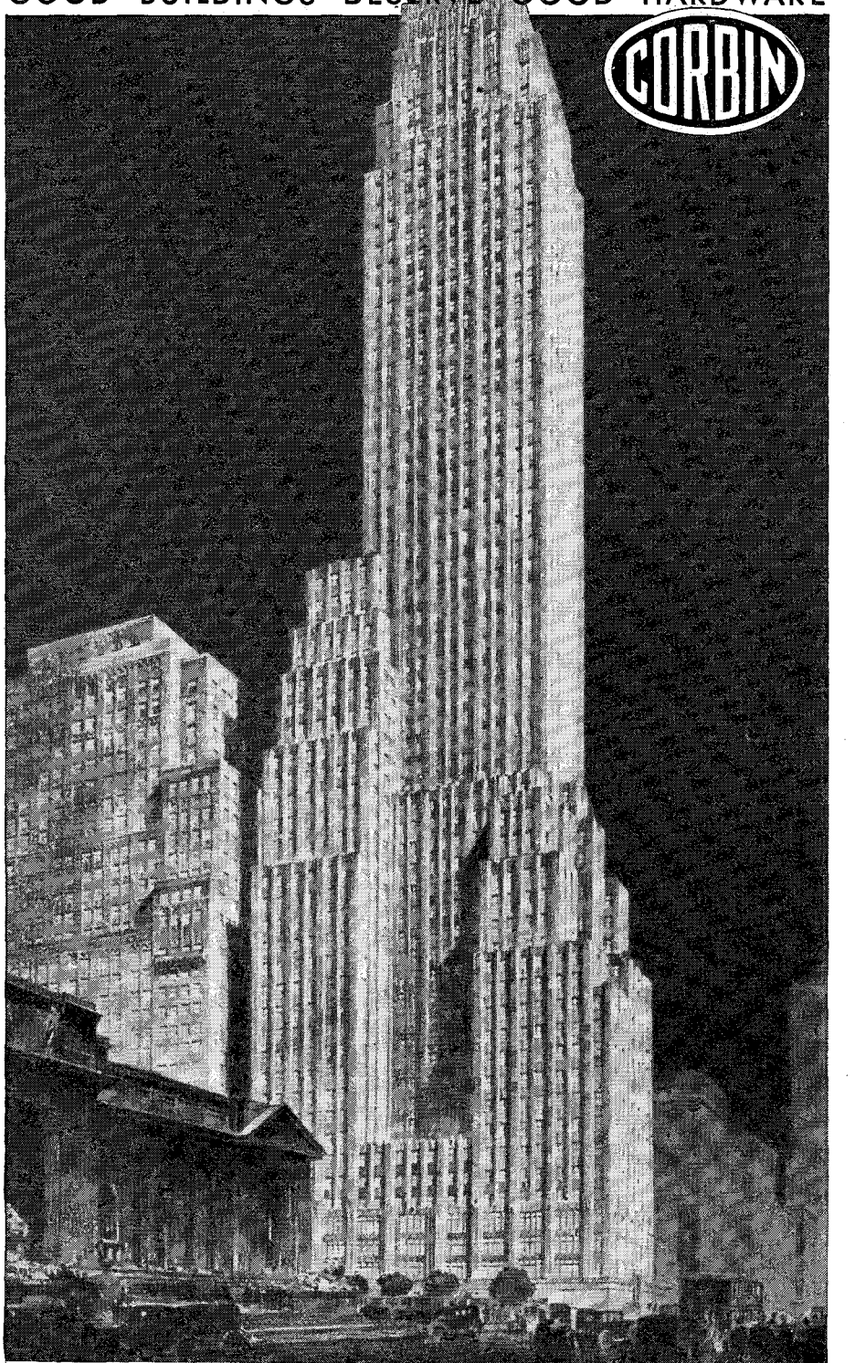

At left above is the Salmon Tower, New York City, erected 1927. At right is No. 500 Fifth Avenue, also built by Salmon, completed 1931. Both buildings use Corbin Hardware.

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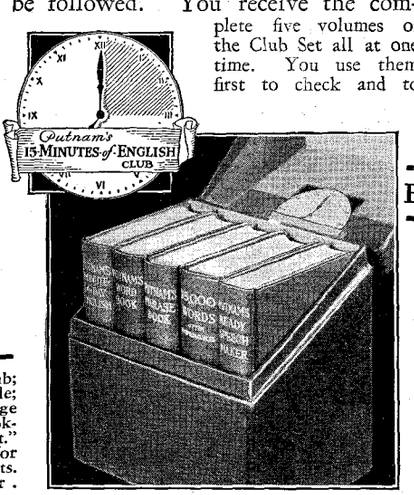

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Why don't you write?

Chicken Factories

SINCE cod-liver oil was first fed to baby chicks, the farm atmosphere has been disappearing from many a poultry establishment.

Factory hens that never see outdoor daylight are raised to market weight more surely, more quickly, and at a greater manufacturing profit than by the farmyard method.

Industrial by-products—bran, fish-meal, lime, meat scraps, etc.—make up more and more of the raw material to be converted to table delicacies; machinery for the chicken factory is the basis for a growing metal-working industry. Says *The Industrial Bulletin* of Arthur D. Little, Inc. (Cambridge, Mass.):

The discovery has been made that the young chicken does not need sunlight or green food.

Sunlight is only valuable because its action is such as to develop vitamins. We have been so educated to the idea of vitamins that we are giving our babies orange juice or tomato juice, and a dose of cod-liver oil, or are exposing them at intervals to direct sunlight. Cod-liver oil needs no irradiation from sunlight or artificial source, and it keeps longer than green food or fruit-juices.

The mass-production methods in the poultry industry abandon all idea of the green field and sunlight; the mother is employed solely as a layer, not as a hatcher.

She lays the egg in the trap-nest just as the workman fits number two bolt in an automobile frame. The egg passes into the first process of machine treatment, unless it is marketed for direct consumption. The hatching-machine (incubator) is an egg-baker. As soon as the hatching operation is complete, and the chick appears free from the egg, it passes to the brooder, in which it receives the first finishing operation, and reaches the dignity of a transportable commodity—a live-stock unit.

The young chick is the raw material for the next process—and this stage is the one in which, in the most modern broiler-and-pullet plant, sun and green food are eliminated.

The new home of the chick is of the most modern kind—a structure of a single low story, the walls replaced by wire rods, the floor of metal wire. The cellar is only an inch or so deep, with a solid metal floor, which can be removed; this floor is for the removal of the factory waste.

The whole factory is made up of these interchangeable unit homes; they are piled on top of each other like sectional bookcases.

Each home has an outside dining-room in the form of a metal trough, and the food can only be obtained by reaching out through the wire walls; no food falls on the living-room floor or soils the clothing of the young chicks.

The units are fitted with electrically heated mothers, called hovers, the temperature being regulated to fit the age of the chicks.

There is no sunlight, and the little daylight which penetrates enters through distant windows. The ration is prepared on as accurate specifications as those for an automobile cylinder. There must be the standard proportion of each of the food elements, such as protein, carbohydrates, fiber, and mineral constituents; but above all, there must be the right amount of vitamins.

On the presence of vitamins depends the success of the whole production schedule—for unless they are in the ration in a certain percentage the chicks will not develop a proper bone structure or a healthy feather coat, nor add weight sufficient to constitute a profitable commercial product. But with vitamins, usually furnished by cod-liver oil, the chickens add weight quickly."

AT the end of two months, we are told, the chicks weigh about two pounds. The cockerels are now a finished product; they are marketed as broilers. The pullets begin their preparation for egg-production. When they commence to lay, the whole production cycle is complete.

In the most modern plants, the whole process is under control. The performance of each brood is recorded, and future procedure is based on experience. There is little trouble from disease, for, while in the open field the birds are exposed to infection from the ground, there is no such danger when this modern factory method is used. To quote further:

It is at once evident that if poultry-and-egg production can be made independent of green food and sunlight, it can be carried on at any location and, more important, at any season. The production schedule for eggs can be so planned that laying will be taking place at the season when eggs are scarcest and highest in price.

The country will have no especial advantage over the urban districts as a place to establish a poultry business. And the seasonal peaks in egg production will largely be eliminated.

There will always be hens kept outdoors in the summer by farmers too busy to give the birds more than casual attention. But there will be a steady increase in the number of large factory-like plants; there are already henneries in operation which produce hundreds of thousands of eggs per annum.

Sorter Lost His Head.—FIRST SAILOR—"What did you do with your bonus?"

SECOND HARD WORKER—"Well, I spent a hundred shooting crap, fifty in a poker game, fifty on likker, twenty-five on taxi fare, and $75 on a girl."

FIRST—"But that only makes three hundred. What did you do with the other two hundred?"

SECOND—"Oh, I dunno! I must have spent that foolishly."—*Trouble Shooter, San Diego Naval Air Station.*

Solid Bone.—Little Dorothy came running into the house crying bitterly.

"Mama," she sobbed, "Teddy broke my dolly!"

"How did he do it?" inquired her mother.

"I hit him on the head with it."—*Royal Arcanum Bulletin.*

Giving It the Works.—FIRST FURNITURE MAKER—"That bookcase isn't an antique, is it?"

SECOND FURNITURE MAKER—"No, but another day's work and it will be."—*Life.*

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Why Is a White Man White?

THIS question, says Dr. Herman Goodman in *The Medical Review of Reviews* (New York), always arouses comment from internes and post-graduate students of dermatology.

The first reaction of the person questioned has been—absence of pigment. A moment's further consideration emphasizes the fact that this answer can not be complete.

There is a fixt pigment in the white man's skin, and his skin is not white under normal conditions. One's skin is dead-white only in certain diseases. What then? Writes Dr. Goodman:

The fixt pigment of the white man's skin is probably the same as found in the colored man's skin—the quantity is less. The palm of the Negro appears whiter than other parts of his skin, yet his palms are sites of pigment.

The second type of pigment which influences the appearance of the white person's skin is the wandering pigment, or that called forth by exposure to vital ultra-violet in people who have the faculty of pigment formation. The pigment of temporary freckles is of this variety.

The contents of the blood-vessels of the skin have a share in the color of the white man's skin. The influence of the presence of blood is evident in the flush of fever.

Another factor has never had the prominence it deserves. The granules of the cells of the granular layer of the epidermis have an effect on incident white light which differs from that of skin pigment. These granules refract light. A thick granular layer of cells causes us to see white. In the absence of a thick granular layer, the appearance is pink. A corn has a thick granular cell layer, and appears white or whitish, even in a Negro. The lips have a very thin layer of granular cells, and they appear pink.

The half-moon of the nail represents an accumulation of granular cells. The half-moon is, of course, lighter than the adjacent nail. The color of the body of the nail is influenced by the subungual blood pool-ridges. The nail body appears lighter in color when prest upon so that the blood is forced out of the longitudinal ridges.

Examination of the skin under filtered ultra-violet or "black light" offers some interesting facts. The Negro's skin does not fluoresce under its radiation—all the ultra-violet is absorbed, and very little is transformed to visible radiation. The diseased skin appears as a vivid white under the black light. Sunburn of the white man's skin, even if the sunburn is no longer visible in ordinary white light, appears dark under the "black light." An invisible sunburned area of Negro's skin appears whitish examined under filtered ultra-violet. This fact was the basis for my proposal several years ago of the sunburn stencil or tattoo in the identification of new-born babies.

These are some of the factors which determine the color of the skin and the mucosa. The problem is not dependent solely on the presence or absence of pigment in the basal cells and contiguous portions of the corium. The relationship of granular cells and hornification of the outermost of the protective layers of the epidermis offers opportunity for further study.

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"Dr. Sadler embodies in a well-written, non-technical, and exceedingly readable volume practically all that the average citizen needs to know on the subject of those workings of the subconscious which so often put acting as well as thinking out of gear, and create for both individual and community problems of the most serious kind."—Boston *Transcript*.

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From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats, immediately, the social evil of bad breath.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

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The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than pure carbolic acid, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, safe and soothing.

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours' time—that is far longer acting than many other leading mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in the fastest time it is possible for science to record—we believe faster than has previously been the standard for other leading mouth washes."

Checks bad breath

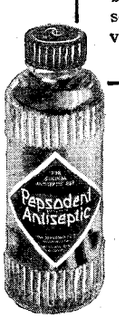
With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

At your druggist's—today

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection to your family's health plus the greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Consult your Dentist, Physician

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth, tooth decay, slight infections of nose and throat, excessive smoking. If, after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash, bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.



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